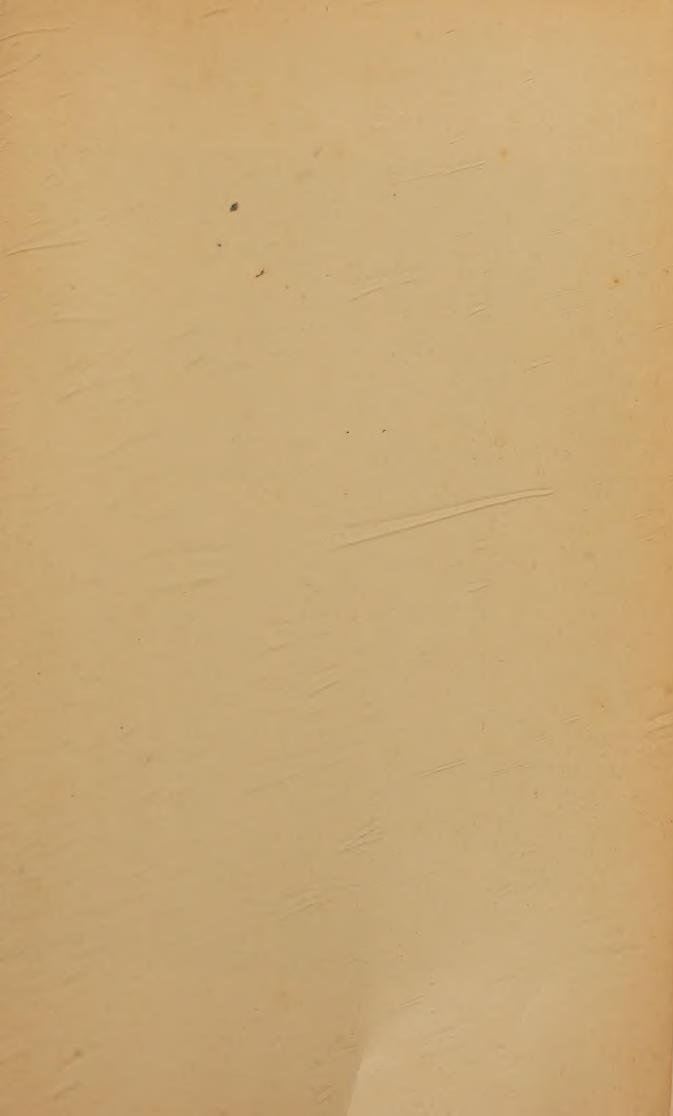


ACADEMY CLASSICS

NEWMAN

—
PROSE
AND
POETRY

ALLYN AND BACON





CARDINAL NEWMAN

Painted in 1889 by Miss Emmeline Deane

NEWMAN

PROSE AND POETRY

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

ASSISTANT EDITOR OF "THE COMMONWEAL" AND

PROFESSOR IN ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

FORMER HEAD OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY



ALLYN AND BACON

BOSTON	NEW YORK	CHICAGO
ATLANTA	SAN FRANCISCO	DALLAS

COPYRIGHT, 1925
BY ALLYN AND BACON

TTA .

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

TO
BROTHER ALPHONSUS
"Cor ad Cor Loquitur"

FOREWORD

THIS little book aims to promote interest in the writings of Cardinal Newman. Now that the world has come so generally to see in him not merely a great stylist, but also a master of noble living and of excellent thought, schools everywhere are looking for a good introduction to his work.

The present editor has tried an arrangement which he believes is comparatively new, though it has been thoroughly tested in his classes. First, a rather generous selection has been made from two books which appeal especially to young people. The heart of each is given in the hope that the student may be tempted to go after the rest for himself. Secondly, the prose and poetry are placed side by side so as to bring out, as impressively as possible, both aspects of Newman's literary genius. Then there are two sermons and a small number of excerpts which have a strong hold on a multitude of the Cardinal's readers.

The present volume goes forth in the hope that some teachers may gain help from it, and that through it more young people may be won over to the spell of Newman's matchless style.

G. N. S.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	ix
THE CHIEF DATES IN CARDINAL NEWMAN'S LIFE . . .	xxiii
BOOKS BY AND ABOUT CARDINAL NEWMAN	xxv
SELECTIONS	
I. CALLISTA	I
Jucundus at Supper	I
Gurta	12
A Mother's Blessing	20
The Martyrdom	26
II. UNIVERSITY TEACHING, FROM THE <i>Idea of a Uni-</i> <i>versity</i>	31
What reasons there are for believing in the success of the Catholic University of Dublin	31
That the purpose of the University is to promote Knowledge, which is an end in itself	35
That Knowledge is a real good, though not a moral or a practical force	42
That Knowledge is not the same thing as Learning .	45
That University Education often falls into the error of fostering mere acquisition	52
That Reason is not of itself religious	60
What a Gentleman is, and how his province is of this world	63
That Literature and Style are matters of the Mind .	65
That we must take Literature for what it is:—a reflection of Life	74

	PAGE
III. TWO SERMONS	78
A Plain Sermon: <i>The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World</i>	78
A Sermon for an Occasion: <i>The Second Spring</i>	87
IV. SHORTER PIECES	105
Two Portraits from <i>Loss and Gain</i>	105
The Church and the World: a Refutation	107
Saint Philip Neri	109
On Learning How to Write	113
The World Beyond	114
Prayer	115
V. POEMS	116
<i>The Pillar and the Cloud</i>	116
<i>The Dream of Gerontius</i>	117
NOTES	153

INTRODUCTION

IT is a privilege to study the work of Cardinal Newman. There is no other modern author who speaks so much truth about things that are worth while. There is none more helpful in the big job of living nobly and happily. Besides, everything that Newman has to say is put into words so beautiful and impressive that we speak of his style with real and lasting affection.

Nevertheless it is true that he is an author who thinks ; who doesn't write simply to help us pass the time away ; and who often puzzles us by talking about matters that have never entered our minds before. In every sense of the term he is one of the most masculine writers of English, and by masculine we mean, trying to get something done, bent on achieving a purpose, fighting for a cause. This kind of writer is like a soldier or a businessman : time is too precious to waste on things which do not count, or on words which are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Now what is Newman's purpose and cause? When Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, the brilliant British statesman who shaped the destinies of the Empire as skillfully as an artist plays the violin and who could call Victoria, "My Queen," spoke of Newman, this was his definition : "The most remarkable religious teacher to have appeared in England during several centuries." The world has hastened to endorse Disraeli's verdict. The magnificent

progress of the religious revival in England may be traced to Newman, as a stream can be followed to its source. Wherever, in our time, people get together for the promotion of Catholic principle — whether it be in Germany, Italy, Canada, or the United States — the name and guidance of Newman are behind the movement.

Years have not weakened his influence. Today, probably more than at any time during his life, he awakens widespread interest in religion. Thousands who have never followed him into the Roman Catholic Church take Newman for their guide and counselor. It is, then, first of all as a religious teacher, an apostle, that Newman writes. But he never merely scolds or harangues on the evils of the day. His heart is with the big things, the eternal virtues — Faith, Hope, and Charity.

There is, however, nothing very unusual about his life. On February 21, 1801, he was born the son of a London banker. Then he grew up in very humdrum circumstances, entering Oxford in due time and later deciding to study for Orders in the Anglican Church. Elected Fellow of Oriel College, he began to preach and gradually attracted so much attention for his earnestness and sincerity that religion became once more a matter of vital importance in the University life. Finally, after many struggles, a voyage to Italy, and the writing of numerous books and pamphlets, he was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, receiving the sacrament of Baptism on October 8, 1845. Less than two years later, he was ordained a priest. The remainder of his life was busy with preaching, writing, and conducting controversy. People often misunderstood him and thought he was going too far. It was not until Pope Leo XIII conferred

upon Father Newman the title of Cardinal, on May 12, 1879, that he could come into his own as a Catholic leader. He died at an advanced age, on August 11, 1890.

It was a life full of hard work and great devotion. And yet, if any of us had been at Oxford during the years when John Henry Newman first studied there, we should probably not have expected great things of him. He was shy, quiet, unattractive, with a timid face in which two eyes blinked vaguely at you from behind silver-rimmed spectacles. His entry into a room was something like the coming of a foggy day. It was only very gradually that Newman's extraordinary personality discovered itself or was discovered by others, so that the story of his early spiritual development lacks almost every trace of dramatic interest. Of course, he had begun to think earnestly about religion and had done a great deal of hard work at his books. There were a good many questions to puzzle over, and he was puzzled.

For one thing, religion was a matter of small concern to the society in which the young Newman lived. Whatever application the Gospel statement that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven may have for the individual, we shall not discuss. But it is very true that the nation which finds the height of civilization in a good dinner and a million dollars kills its spiritual life. It loses all interest in the soul. And the commercial, aggressive, power-hungry England of the nineteenth century was dead to religion. That was merely something respectable. The Bible had become a very refined variety of morphine, and the Rector was both an ornament and a harmless joke.

Nobody took these things seriously. The Anglo-Saxon

retreat from religion during the nineteenth century, though it was finally turned into a rout by supposedly new scientific theories and criticism of the Scriptures, was caused at bottom by the Anglo-Saxon's steady abandonment of religious discipline and religious life. He was robbed of faith because he had put himself to sleep with the wine and pastry of the things of this earth.

Such was the state of affairs existing when John Henry Newman, ordained to the ministry of the Anglican Communion, was given the pulpit at Saint Mary's. No large importance was attached to this post. But gradually extraordinary results began to make themselves felt. Young men who had given the matter of religion very little thought, and other young men who had dismissed it as absurd, crowded into Saint Mary's to listen to the speaker.

There he stood, not at all oratorical, with none of the graces of a public figure, talking in his clear, musical voice about the power and the glory of faith, analyzing the human heart and trying to open it to the flood of Divine grace. And the audience was enthralled. It recognized the deep sincerity of John Henry Newman. It felt that he had experienced the things of which he spoke, and that he knew the richness of the world beyond as well as the vanities of this earth. Never had such influence been wielded in the pulpit at Saint Mary's.

As Newman grew mentally and developed into a powerful preacher, he came to see more and more clearly just what was happening in the society around him. He understood better than anyone else did just why the Englishman was giving up his belief, and what could be done to remedy the situation. And so his influence against

irreligion was successful because it was an attack, — a swift, courageous, relentless attack, which started, as all campaigns do, on a very small field with which its leader was thoroughly acquainted. Newman began at Oxford, conquered many hearts there, and reached out farther and farther until he had engaged in battle all the thought, all the spiritual sleepiness, all the skeptical tendencies and doctrines, of the nineteenth century. He fought the Englishman's materialism until the Englishman realized, at least, that it was materialism. Above all, he fought: and so, if you look at Newman's achievement as a whole, or examine it in detail, you will be struck with how consistently it is soldier's work. It is out for a cause, for victory. Whenever it can make a point for religion or carry an issue, it does so.

The tactics and strategy employed would have delighted Napoleon. Newman's writing has dash and power, but scorns waste, trifling, or a courtier's finery. He is never cut-and-dried, never interested in the purely academic side of the thing. Practical effects are what he seeks, and therefore he fights great controversial battles when they are needed and little skirmishes where these will do good. Someone has said that the reason why Napoleon won over the Austrian generals was because they remembered what the text-books said about the conduct of war, while Napoleon had forgotten. That is probably an exaggeration: but the reason for the success of both Napoleon and Newman lies in the same principle — seeing what needs to be done, and then doing it.

Now let us look very briefly at some of Newman's important struggles. There are four which immediately

suggest themselves: the Oxford Movement; the effort to establish a Catholic University in Dublin; the battle with Charles Kingsley; and the defense of faith against modern doubt. The first covers a full half of Newman's life, and since it ended in his conversion to Rome, seems the most striking.

A group of people around the young Newman at Oxford began to see how much was wrong with the Church of England. Politics controlled the appointment of Bishops, and there was no regularity of teaching or practice. Religious life as Our Lord had decreed that it be lived, or as the apostles and their followers had practiced it, seemed out of date in modern Britain. This group of Oxford men therefore pointed out fearlessly what evils were present and what remedies would have to be adopted.

Newman, as the most important preacher at the University and as the spiritual guide of a large group, came naturally into the leadership of the movement for reform. This received the name "Tractarian Movement" because a considerable number of Tracts were published, dealing with questions of religious practice. Newman wrote a large share of them, collected and published his *Oxford Sermons*, and undertook a *History of the Arians*. Then his health broke down and he was obliged to seek relief in a voyage to Italy. Many things Catholic impressed him, but he returned to his native country still firmly Anglican, though inspired to write the beautiful poem and prayer, "Lead, Kindly Light."

The Movement made little headway outside the gates of Oxford because a large majority of English churchmen were satisfied with institutions as they were, and because, in the nature of things, there could be no guiding author-

ity. Newman, somewhat discouraged, undertook a study of the *Development of Christian Doctrine*, to show how the original teachings of Our Lord had not been obscured by the Church, but had grown naturally into the complicated system of belief which we call Catholic Faith. This work completed, he saw very clearly that his own conscience could never be satisfied with anything short of Roman Catholicism. Therefore, after a severe struggle and with much suffering occasioned by parting with friends, he made his conversion. The excitement that followed was most extraordinary. Catholics were, at the time, a negligibly small group in England. They had no power and no respectable social position. The name "Papist" still implied bitter contempt.

It had been a great, difficult, many-sided combat, during the course of which Newman failed to change the organization of the Church of England, but as a result of which he himself arrived at a new point of view. Having examined carefully the evidence upon which our faith in God and the Christian creed is founded, he bravely joined the Church of Rome and set down his reasons for doing so in the following stern words: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come or whither we go."

Never did conviction require more of a man. In the popular Church of England he was a recognized leader, looked up to as the possessor of remarkable gifts and singular uprightness. In the Church of Rome he would be nobody, just as in the eyes of England that Church itself was nothing. But he made the change: — made it

because he was a man fighting in the interests of what he felt was truth, and incapable of compromise.

As a Catholic priest, Newman remained for a time comparatively obscure. His Catholic countrymen were not yet ready for a determined move forward, still retaining the attitude that defending themselves was the important thing. Then, as the result of an invitation from Irish bishops, Newman was given what looked like an opportunity to establish a great Catholic seat of learning in Dublin. He dreamed that it would be another Oxford, sending light into the shadows of ignorance, showing that faith can go hand in hand with learning.

His labors in its behalf were magnificently large: he gathered a faculty, made an exhausting journey all over Ireland, and delivered a series of lectures which were later published under the title, *Idea of a University*. This book remains the finest discussion of college education to be found anywhere in English. People of every sort have copied it, accepted its conclusions, and spoken of it as a masterpiece. But the Catholic University of Dublin itself came to an untimely end for reasons over which Newman had no control. He returned to Birmingham, England, where he had established a Congregation of the Oratory, utterly broken in spirit and body, a disappointed man. The battle for Catholic education, towards the winning of which he had devoted so much genius and effort, had been lost.

Still, Newman did not despair. He had a very sensitive nature which recoiled from crudity and narrowness, but he was also a resolute captain of his faith. During the years that followed, he delivered many an inspiring sermon, undertook the private direction of souls, and

wrote many of his most revealing letters and meditations. Then, at Christmas time, 1863, Charles Kingsley, the novelist, wrote a magazine article in which he accused Newman of despising "truth for its own sake." This he followed up with a pamphlet that asserted quite tranquilly the general, almost inherent, dishonesty of the Catholic clergy, Father Newman included.

Obviously this pamphlet was the result of honest ignorance — the prejudice so natural to Englishmen of the time. Newman, however, decided that the time had come for a resolute defense not only of himself, but also of the priesthood he represented; and so he began the publication of the story of his life under the Latin title, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. As the narrative unfolded, so clear, so radiant, and so absolutely sincere, all England was won over. The Catholic priesthood had been vindicated, Kingsley had been beaten, and Newman owned once more a place in the hearts of his countrymen. It was the greatest of his victories and was gained through the agency of what, in the general opinion of the world, is the best of his books. The *Apologia pro Vita Sua* is a classic that ranks with the highest spiritual literature in all languages.

The final combat of Newman is not so easy to follow. It had been a part of his career from the beginning, but during the last years of his life nothing else occupied so much of his time and attention. This was the argument with the modern religious doubter, the man who refuses to believe that we can know anything definite about God and the Supernatural. Newman was a masterly psychologist whose glance pierced this doubter through and through, saw what was the matter with him, and suggested

the remedy. More especially the *Grammar of Assent* deals with this problem, though it is touched upon in many of Newman's sermons. You will find the *Grammar of Assent* a difficult book to understand, but you must remember that it goes very deep into questions that bother modern philosophical people, and is the most valid reason we have for speaking of its author as a profound thinker.

And so we have seen that Newman's whole life was devoted to a series of struggles for the faith. Often these cost him their quota of anguish, loneliness, and sorrow. But as the years went on, the shining light that Newman's personality was, burned with an increasingly steady and beautiful radiance. He was something like a poem set to music, but a poem which breathes a spiritual atmosphere created by sacrifice and prayer. Those who came in contact with him never forgot the experience; and as a Cardinal he was numbered among the most distinguished Englishmen of his time.

On the pall which covered his coffin these words were embroidered: "Heart speaketh to heart." Certainly they sum up what he tried to make of his life — a thing satisfactory to his own conscience and helpful to all the groping world of his time.

Many people like to talk about Newman's style. Before we follow their example let us get our bearings. First, what is style? Most certainly it is not a thing which an author carries around with him, or applies to his work like a coat of varnish. It is just simply the manner of speaking or writing which a man who knows what he is talking about and for, uses naturally. Style is attractive

and useful when the speaker or writer is himself attractive and useful, and has selected topics to harmonize. Style is great and commanding under similar circumstances. There is no other way to gain a good style; and that is why the ancient Greeks and Romans spent so much time training the character of him who wished to be an orator. Next; we may ask ourselves, Are all styles necessarily alike? And here the answer will, of course, be, No.

Broadly speaking we may say that there are two fundamental types of style. One can be termed "emotional," because it is governed by feeling rather than thought. It runs away with the writer, indulging in abrupt phrasing and erratic sentence structure. Generally it uses a vast number of concrete images to set forth what it means, and to supply a picturesque atmosphere. Dickens is such a writer.

The other type can be called "intellectual," because it is regulated and restrained throughout by the intelligence. Sentences take form from the thoughts which the author puts into them. There is no running wildly in this direction or that. Of course the intellectual writer feels, too, just as the emotional writer thinks; but he never permits his feelings to get the upper hand, never says anything which is not sincere and carefully reasoned. Newman is such a writer.

This gives to his work, at first sight, an aspect of dryness and difficulty; many of the sentences seem long, and others are quite unexciting. But all this trouble disappears once we understand how Newman goes to work. He is forever making a point, settling a problem, winning an argument. A statement must never be made, he declares, unless one bears in mind what can be said

against it. Therefore it is necessary to be very clear, calm, and careful. But all the while, Newman is so utterly in earnest, so thoroughly aglow with interest in the cause he serves, that the words take on a fervent melody and a keen sparkle. He is often smiling at you when he seems dull; he is frequently making his keenest thrusts when he appears to be on guard. Then, too, he always has excellent manners in speech — he never rants or raves, never saws the air. He knows the words that laugh and cry, but realizes as well that neither crocodile tears nor guffaws are proper in public. The melody of Newman's writing, once we overhear it, is exquisitely human and many-sided. If the work of man can approach perfection, surely the style of the *Apologia* and the *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions* may be called perfect.

It follows almost as a matter of course that Newman is an excellent author to take for a guide in the task of learning to use English. He will show you the marvelous treasures of the language: its exactness, strength, and color. He will illustrate constantly its grammatical laws, its practical pointedness, and its rhythmical secrets. Years of hard labor went into his mastery of the speech, until it wrapped itself round the thought and feeling of his soul as snugly and naturally as well-made clothes fit the body. Careful reading of Newman will bring results in your writing in quite the same way as good taste can be learned from constant association with a person of genuine refinement.

Now that we have considered very briefly the quality of Newman as a man and as a writer, perhaps we should spend a moment in trying to see what the most important

elements of his teaching are and how they affect our ordinary, every-day living.

The first element is, surely, faith — that fundamental impulse of man to build his life not only upon the things which are visible but also upon the world which is unseen and governed by the spirit of God. Newman's books are, when you view them as a whole, just one long and detailed account of his voyages into the kingdom of Heaven. He is the geographer of the soul who knows exactly how to chart the seas and how to direct the modern mind. Faith is for him the most real and necessary of things. The earnestness and power of his genius were devoted utterly to the end that the doubter and the disillusioned, the mocker and the materialist, might have reason to believe again that "God's in His heaven." Was he successful? Almost beyond belief. Newman has answered more questions, solved a larger number of difficulties, kindled anew in a greater throng of hearts the glory and the peace of faith, than any other modern man.

Next, there is in his teaching the simple but tremendously important doctrine that humanity is human. There are so many persons to tell us that man is not a free individual — to link him with the workings of some machine-like system which we may call evolution or nature or industrialism or socialism or what not: some machine which will govern and transform him as he wills or does not will. The answer of Newman and those who follow him is very old-fashioned. Human life and human society must be built up on the foundation of the soul and the body, the intelligence, the will, the instincts and the emotions of Everyman. There are no formulae for man's betterment, but only sacraments; no laws for his

development, but only rights, privileges, and ideals; no system for humanizing him excepting, perhaps, the virtues of laughter, tears, and prayer.

The third important element in the great Cardinal's teaching is courage. To be brave always and everywhere in the face of life and death — never to falter, never to compromise with the right, never to prefer ugliness to beauty! For man's business is courage, and man's bankruptcy is cowardice. Failure to live up to conviction, to do the sober and charitable thing, is the only failure that really counts, but happens also to be the easiest. Newman never faltered. It was difficult to trust his convictions when they demanded that he sacrifice prestige and power, that he tear himself ruthlessly from life-long friends, and that he become a simple figure in a Church which wore upon its head the ashes of ridicule. But he went resolutely on and on. In the face of odds and loneliness, he followed the "Kindly Light" that guided steadfastly along the path of this world to the land of peace and benediction.

THE CHIEF DATES IN CARDINAL NEWMAN'S LIFE

- 1801. Born, in the City of London.
- 1817. Entered Trinity College, Oxford.
- 1820. Received the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.
- 1822. Elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.
- 1828. Appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, and began to preach.
- 1832. Visited Italy, writing during the next year "The Pillar and the Cloud."
- 1833. Wrote the first of *Tracts for the Times*, and published *The Arians of the Fourth Century*.
- 1834. Published *Verses on Various Occasions*.
- 1837. Published the *Prophetical Office of the Church*, now known as the *Via Media*.
- 1842. Went into retirement at Littlemore, after Tract XC had aroused violent opposition.
- 1843. Resigned from St. Mary's.
- 1845. Was received into the Church by Father Dominic, Passionist.
- 1846. Published the *Development of Christian Doctrine*.
- 1847. Was ordained a priest and decided to follow the Rule of St. Philip Neri.
- 1848. Published *Loss and Gain*, a fictional account of his conversion.
- 1849. Delivered the lectures entitled *Difficulties of Anglicans*.

xxiv Chief Dates in Cardinal Newman's Life

1851. Delivered the controversial addresses entitled
The Present Position of Catholics.
1852. Published the *Idea of a University*, comprising the
lectures on education delivered in Dublin.
1854. Began to devote his time to Dublin University,
continuing in this for four years.
1855. Published *Callista*.
1864. Published *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, in reply to
Charles Kingsley.
1866. Published the *Dream of Gerontius*.
1870. Published the *Grammar of Assent*.
1879. Created Cardinal by Leo XIII.
1890. Died, at Birmingham.
1893. *Prayers and Meditations* was published.

BOOKS BY AND ABOUT CARDINAL NEWMAN

THE works of Cardinal Newman are published in a beautiful definitive edition by Longmans, Green and Company. Certain volumes, like the *Apologia* or the *Dream of Gerontius*, are obtainable in a variety of forms and bindings.

Many people have put down their impressions of Newman so that the beauty of his personality might be kept alive in memory. Others have tried to tell in detail the story of his life. The most complete account of his career as a Catholic priest and prelate is to be found in the *Life of Newman*, by Wilfrid Ward. This book, by a very learned scholar, contains a vast number of Newman's letters, but is a rather one-sided portrait of him. Canon William Barry has written a shorter biography, which is particularly good as an introduction to Newman's literary methods and achievements. Wilfred Meynell's *Life of Newman* is a convenient manual for the essential facts. A full account of the Oxford Movement may be obtained from the *Catholic Renaissance in Nineteenth Century England*, the work of a devoted and charming French writer, M. Paul Thureau-Dangin; and Dean Church's *Oxford Movement*. There are many brief essays and sketches. *Newman: an Appreciation*, by Alexander Whyte, D.D., is the work of a gifted Protestant divine. Doctor J. C. Shairp gives an excellent account of New-

man the Oxford preacher in *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*. Brother Azarias drew a brilliant sketch of Cardinal Newman's personality in *Phases of Thought and Criticism*. There are studies of Newman's personality, thought, and style in *The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature*, by George N. Shuster. Finally it ought to be said that Newman's letters can give invaluable aid in the attempt to understand him; and the best collection from his earlier career is that edited by Anne Mozley under the title, *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman*.

NEWMAN

PROSE AND POETRY

I

CALLISTA

During that peaceful period in the history of the Church which was ended, in the third century, by the persecutions of the Roman Emperor Decius, the two sons of an imperial soldier lived near Sicca, an African town. Their names were Agellius and Juba: and ever since the death of their father they had come under the guardianship of their uncle Jucundus, who was a maker of charms and statues. Agellius, now an overseer on a Roman estate, was a Christian. Juba, however, professed to believe in nothing, although he had once expressed a wish to be baptised. There was little resemblance between the brothers, either in appearance or character, and the fact that they did not share a common religious belief was the source of much ill-feeling between them. One evening when Juba happened to enter Agellius' cottage and find him kneeling in prayer, he belittled the Christian faith and scoffed at the idea of a man being found on his knees. Thereupon he set out for the dwelling of his uncle Jucundus, who lived in the city.

The chapter which follows describes a typical Roman supper.

JUCUNDUS AT SUPPER

The house of Jucundus was closed for the night when Juba reached it, or you would see, were you his companion, that it was one of the most showy shops in Sicca. It was

the image-store of the place, and set out for sale, not articles of statuary alone, but of metal, of mosaic work, and of jewellery, as far as they were dedicated to the service of paganism. It was bright with the many colors adopted
5 in the embellishment of images, and the many lights which silver and gold, brass and ivory, alabaster, gypsum, talc, and glass reflected. Shelves and cabinets were laden with wares ; both the precious material, and the elaborated trinket.

- 10 All tastes were suited, the popular and the refined, the fashion of the day and the love of the antique, the classical and barbarian devotion. There you might see the rude symbols of invisible powers, which, originating in deficiency of art, had been perpetuated by reverence for the past.
15 There, too, were the unmeaning blocks of stone with human heads, which were to be dressed out in rich robes, and to simulate the human form.

There were other articles besides, as portable as these were unmanageable : little Junos, Mercuries, Dianas, and
20 Fortunas, for the bosom or the girdle. Household gods were there, and the objects of personal devotion : Minerva or Vesta, with handsome niches or shrines in which they might reside. There, too, were the brass crowns, or *nimbi*, which were intended to protect the heads of the
25 gods from bats or birds. There you might buy, were you a heathen, rings with heads on them of Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Serapis, and above all Astarte. You would find there the rings and signets of the Basilidians ; amulets too of wood or ivory ; figures of demons, preternaturally
30 ugly ; little skeletons, and other superstitious devices. It would be hard, indeed, if you could not be pleased, whatever your religious denomination.

The shop, as we have said, was closed, concealed from view by large lumbering shutters, and made secure by heavy bars of wood. So we must enter by the passage or vestibule on the right side, and that will conduct us into a modest *atrium*, with an *impluvium* on one side,⁵ and on the other the *triclinium* or supper-room, backing the shop. Jucundus had been pleasantly engaged in a small supper-party; and mindful that a *symposium* should lie within the number of the Graces and of the Muses, he had confined his guests to two, the young Greek¹⁰ Aristo, who was one of his principal artists, and Cornelius, the son of a freedman of a Roman of distinction, who had lately got a place in one of the *scrinia* of the proconsular *officium*, and had migrated into the province from the imperial city, where he had spent his best days.¹⁵

The dinner had not been altogether suitable to modern ideas of good living. The grapes from Tacape, and the dates from the lake Tritonis, the white and black figs, the nectarines and peaches, and the watermelons, address themselves to the imagination of an Englishman, as well²⁰ as of an African of the third century. So also might the liquor derived from the sap or honey of the Getulian palm, and the sweet wine, called *melilotus*, made from the poetical fruit found upon the coast of the Syrtis. He would have been struck too with the sweetness of the mutton; but²⁵ he would have asked what the sheep's tails were before he tasted them, and found how like marrow the firm substance ate, of which they consisted.

He would have felt he ought to admire the roes of mullets, pressed and dried, from Mauritania; but he³⁰ would have thought twice before he tried the lion cutlets, though they had the flavor of veal, and the additional *goût*

of being imperial property, and poached from a preserve. But, when he saw the indigenous dish, the very haggis and cock-a-leekie of Africa, in the shape of — (alas! alas! it *must* be said, with whatever apology for its introduction) — in shape, then, of a delicate puppy, served up with tomatoes, with its head between its fore-paws, we consider he would have risen from the unholy table, and thought he had fallen upon the hospitality of some sorceress of the neighbouring forest.

10 However, to that festive board our Briton was not invited, for he had some previous engagement that evening, either of painting himself with woad, or of hiding himself to the chin in the fens; so that nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the party, and the good humour and
15 easy conversation which was the effect of such excellent cheer.

Cornelius had been present at the Secular Games in the foregoing year, and was full of them, of Rome, and of himself in connection with it, as became so genuine a cockney
20 of the imperial period. He was full of the high patriotic thoughts which so solemn a celebration had kindled within him.

“O great Rome!” he said, “thou art first, and there is no second. In that wonderful pageant, which these eyes
25 saw last year, was embodied her majesty, was promised her eternity. We die, she lives. I say, *let* a man die. It’s well for him to take hemlock, or open a vein, after having seen the Secular Games. What was there to live for? I felt it; life was gone; its best gifts flat and insipid after
30 that great day. Excellent — Tauromenian, I suppose? We know it in Rome. Fill up my cup. I drink to the genius of the emperor.”

He was full of his subject, and soon resumed it.

"Fancy the Campus Martius lighted up from one end to the other. It was the finest thing in the world. A large plain, covered, not with streets, not with woods, but broken and crossed with superb buildings in the midst of groves, avenues of trees, and green grass down to the water's edge. There's nothing that isn't there.

"Do you want the grandest temples in the world, the most spacious porticoes, the longest race-courses? there they are. Do you want *gymnasia*? there they are. Do you want arches, statues, obelisks? you find them there. There you have at one end the stupendous mausoleum of Augustus, cased with white marble, and just across the river the huge towering mound of Hadrian. At the other end you have the noble Pantheon of Agrippa, with its splendid Syracusan columns, and its dome glittering with silver tiles. Hard by are the baths of Alexander, with their beautiful groves.

"Ah! my good friend! I shall have no time to drink, if I go on. Beyond are the numerous chapels and fanes which fringe the base of the Capitoline hill; the tall column of Antoninus comes next, with its adjacent basilica, where is kept the authentic list of the provinces of the empire, and of the governors, each a king in power and dominion, who are sent out to them. Well, I am now only beginning.

"Fancy, I say, this magnificent region all lighted up; every temple to and fro, every bath, every grove, gleaming with innumerable lamps and torches. No, not even the gods of Olympus have anything that comes near it. Rome is the greatest of all divinities. In the dead of night all was alive; then it was, when nature sleeps exhausted,

Rome began the solemn sacrifices to commemorate her thousand years. On the banks of the Tiber, which had seen Æneas land, and Romulus ascend to the gods, the clear red flame shot up as the victims burned. The music of ten thousand horns and flutes burst forth, and the sacred dances began upon the greensward.

“I am too old to dance; but, I protest, even I stood up and threw off. We danced through three nights, dancing the old millenary out, dancing the new millenary in. We
10 were all Romans, no strangers, no slaves. It was a solemn family feast, the feast of all the Romans.”

“Then we came in for the feast,” said Aristo; “for Caracalla gave Roman citizenship to all freemen all over the world. We are all of us Romans, recollect, Cornelius.”
15 “Ah! that was another matter — a condescension,” answered Cornelius. “Yes, in a certain sense, I grant it; but it was a political act.”

“I warrant you,” retorted Aristo, “most political. We were to be fleeced, do you see? so your imperial government made us Romans, that we might have the taxes of
20 Romans, and that in addition to our own. You’ve taxed us double; and as for the privilege of citizenship, much it is, by Hercules, when every snob has it who can wear a *pileus* or cherish his hair.”

25 “Ah! but you should have seen the procession from the Capitol,” continued Cornelius, “on, I think, the second day; from the Capitol to the Circus, all down the Via Sacra. Hosts of strangers there, and provincials from the four corners of the earth, but not in the procession. There
30 you saw, all in one *coup-d’œil*, the real good blood of Rome, the young blood of the new generation, and promise of the future; the sons of patrician and consular

families, of imperators, orators, conquerors, statesmen. They rode at the head of the procession, fine young fellows, six abreast; and still more of them on foot.

Then came the running horses and the chariots, the boxers, the wrestlers, and other combatants, all ready for the competition. The whole school of gladiators then turned out, boys and all, with their masters, dressed in red tunics, and splendidly armed. They formed three bands, and they went forward gaily, dancing and singing the Pyrrhic. By and by, a thousand pair of gladiators fought during the games — a round thousand, and such clean-made, well-built fellows, and they came against each other so gallantly!

“You should have seen it; *I* can’t go through it. There was a lot of satyrs, jumping and frisking, in burlesque of the martial dances which preceded them. There was a crowd of trumpeters and horn-blowers; ministers of the sacrifices with their victims, bulls and rams, dressed up with gay wreaths; drivers, butchers, haruspices, heralds; images of gods with their cars of ivory or of silver, drawn by tame lions and elephants. I can’t recollect the order. O! but the grandest thing of all was the Carmen, sung by twenty-seven noble youths, and as many noble maidens, taken for the purpose from the bosoms of their families to propitiate the gods of Rome. The flamens, augurs, colleges of priests, it was endless. Last of all came the emperor himself.”

“That’s the late man,” observed Jucundus, “Philip; no bad riddance his death, if all’s true that’s said of him.”

“All emperors are good in their time and way,” answered Cornelius; “Philip was good then, and Decius is good now; — whom the gods preserve!”

"True," said Aristo, "I understand; an emperor cannot do wrong, except in dying, and then everything goes wrong with him. His death is his first bad deed; he ought to be ashamed of it; it somehow turns all his great virtues
5 into vices."

"Ah! no one was so good an emperor as our man, Gordianus," said Jucundus, "a princely old man, living and dead; patron of trade, and of the arts; such villas! he had enormous revenues. Poor old gentleman! and his son
10 too. I never shall forget the day when the news came that he was gone. Let me see, it was shortly after that old fool Strabo's death — I mean my brother; a good thirteen years ago. All Africa was in tears; there was no one like Gordianus."

15 "That's old world philosophy," said Aristo; "Jucundus, you must go to school. Don't you see that all that is, is right; and all that was, is wrong, '*Te nos facimus, Fortuna, deam,*' says your poet; well, I drink 'to the fortune of Rome,' — while it lasts."

20 "You're a young man," answered Cornelius, "a very young man, and a Greek. Greeks never understand Rome. It's most difficult to understand us. It's a science. Look at this medal, young gentleman; it was one of those struck at the games. Is it not grand? '*No-*
25 *vum sæculum;*' and on the reverse, '*Æternitati.*' Always changing, always imperishable. Emperors rise and fall; Rome remains. The eternal city! Isn't this good philosophy?"

"Truly, a most beautiful medal," said Aristo, examining
30 it, and handing it on to his host. "You might make an amulet of it, Jucundus. But as to eternity, why, that is a very great word; and, if I mistake not, other states

have been eternal before Rome. Ten centuries is a very respectable eternity; be content, Rome is eternal already, and may die without prejudice to the medal."

"Blaspheme not," replied Cornelius; "Rome is healthier, more full of life, and promises more, than at any former time, you may rely upon it. 'Novum sæculum!' she has the age of the eagle, and will but cast her feathers to begin a fresh thousand."

"But Egypt," interposed Aristo, "if old Herodotus speaks true, scarcely had a beginning. Up and up, the higher you go, the more dynasties of Egyptian kings do you find. And we hear strange reports of the nations in the far east, beyond the Ganges."

"But I tell you, man," rejoined Cornelius, "Rome is a city of kings. That one city, in this one year, has as many kings at once as those of all the kings of all the dynasties of Egypt put together. Sesostris, and the rest of them, what are they to imperators, prefects, proconsuls, *vicarii*, and *rationales*? Look back at Lucullus, Caesar, Pompey, Sylla, Titus, Trajan. What's old Cheops' pyramid to the Flavian amphitheatre? What is the many-gated Thebes to Nero's golden house, while it was? What is the grandest palace of Sesostris or Ptolemy but a second-rate villa of any one of ten thousand Roman citizens?

"Our houses stand on acres of ground; they ascend as high as the tower of Babylon; they swarm with columns like a forest; they pullulate into statues and pictures. The walls, pavements, and ceilings are dazzling from the lustre of the rarest marble, red and yellow, green and mottled. Fountains of perfumed water shoot aloft from the floor, and fish swim in rocky channels round about the room, waiting to be caught and killed for the banquet.

“We dine ; and we feast on the head of the ostrich, the brains of the peacock, the liver of the bream, the milk of the murena, and the tongue of the flamingo. A flight of doves, nightingales, beccaficoes are concentrated into one
5 dish. On great occasions we eat a phœnix. Our sauce-pans are of silver, our dishes of gold, our vases of onyx, and our cups of precious stones. Hanging and carpets of Tyrian purple are around us and beneath us, and we lie on ivory couches. The choicest wines of Greece and Italy
10 crown our goblets, and exotic flowers crown our heads. In come troops of dancers from Lydia, or pantomimes from Alexandria, to entertain both eye and mind ; or our noble dames and maidens take place at our tables ; they wash in asses’ milk, they dress by mirrors as large
15 as fish-ponds, and they glitter from head to foot with combs, brooches, neck-laces, collars, ear-rings, armlets, bracelets, finger-rings, girdles, stomachers, and anklets, all of diamond and emerald.

“Our slaves may be counted by thousands, and they
20 come from all parts of the world. Everything rare and precious is brought to Rome : the gum of Arabia, the nard of Assyria, the papyrus of Egypt, the citron-wood of Mauretania, the bronze of Ægina, the pearls of Britain, the cloth of gold of Phrygia, the fine webs of Cos, the embroid-
25 ery of Babylon, the silks of Persia, the lion-skins of Getulia, the wool of Miletus, the plaids of Gaul.

“Thus we live, an imperial people, who do nothing but enjoy ourselves and keep festival the whole year ; and at length we die — and then we burn : we burn — in
30 stacks of cinnamon and cassia, and in shrouds of *asbestos*, making emphatically a good end of it. Such are we Romans, a great people. Why, we are honoured wherever

we go. There's my master, there's myself; as we came here from Italy, I protest we were nearly worshipped as demi-gods."

"And perhaps some fine morning," said Aristo, "Rome herself will burn in cinnamon and cassia, and in all her burnished Corinthian brass and scarlet bravery, the old mother following her children to the funeral pyre. One has heard something of Babylon, and its drained moat, and the soldiers of the Persian."

A pause occurred in the conversation as one of Jucundus's slaves entered with fresh wine, larger goblets, and a vase of snow from the Atlas.

Although Jucundus hated the Christians, he loved his nephew, and had no desire to see him martyred. Accordingly, when the persecutions broke out, he took steps to save him. Among those who worked for Jucundus were two Greeks, Aristo and his sister, Callista, a beautiful, talented girl of whom Agellius was very fond. Jucundus believed that if Agellius married her, she, being a pagan, could easily persuade him to give up Christianity. And with this end in view, he broached the subject to Agellius. With some misgivings Agellius asked Callista to marry him. She refused.

Agellius was taken ill and was cared for by a holy man who called himself Caecilius. When he had recovered he returned to his own home with the friend who had nursed him back to health. Meanwhile the people of Sicca had become enraged against the Christians, and now a number of them came to Agellius' cottage to capture him. His uncle, however, had sent a messenger to warn him, and he fled. Caecilius fell into the hands of the mob, as did Callista, who had also come to tell him of his danger. Callista was thrown into prison as a Christian; Caecilius escaped with the aid of Juba who then went to

his mother, an old woman who was believed to be a witch, to boast of what he had done.

The chapters which follow describe the meeting between mother and son, and what happened to both.

GURTA

In the bosom of the woods which stretched for many miles from the immediate environs of Sicca, and placed on a gravel slope reaching down to a brook, which ran in a bottom close by, was a small, rude hut, of a kind peculiar
5 to Africa, and commonly ascribed to the wandering tribes, who neither dared, nor had leisure for a more stable habitation. Some might have called it a tent, from the goat's-hair cloth with which it was covered ; but it looked, as to shape, like nothing else than an inverted boat, or the roof
10 of a house set upon the ground.

Inside it was seen to be constructed of the branches of trees, twisted together or wattled, the interstices, or rather the whole surface, being covered with clay. Being thus stoutly built, lined, and covered, it was proof against the
15 tremendous rains, to which the climate, for which it was made, was subject. Along the centre ridge or backbone, which varied in height from six to ten feet from the ground, it was supported by three posts or pillars ; at one end it rose conically to an open aperture, which served for chim-
20 ney, for sky-light, and for ventilator. Hooks were suspended from the roof for baskets, articles of clothing, weapons, and implements of various kinds ; and a second cone, excavated in the ground with the vertex downward, served as a storehouse for grain. The door was so
25 low, that an ordinary person must bend double to pass through it.

However, it was in the winter months only, when the rains were profuse, that the owner of this respectable mansion condescended to creep into it. In summer she had a drawing-room, as it may be called, of nature's own creation, in which she lived, and in one quarter of which she 5 had her lair. Close above the hut was a high plot of level turf, surrounded by old oaks, and fringed beneath with thick underwood. In the centre of this green rose a yew-tree of primeval character. Indeed, the whole forest spoke of the very beginnings of the world, as if it had been 10 the immediate creation of that Voice which bade the earth clothe itself with green life.

But the place no longer spoke exclusively of its Maker. Upon the trees hung the emblems and objects of idolatry, and the turf was traced with magical characters. Littered 15 about were human bones, horns of wild animals, wax figures, spermaceti taken from vaults, large nails, to which portions of flesh adhered, as if they had to do with malefactors, metal plates engraved with strange characters, bottled blood, hair of young persons, and old rags. 20

The aged crone, who was seated in this bower of delight, had an expression of countenance in keeping, not with the place, but with the furniture with which it was adorned; that furniture told her trade.

Whether the root of superstition might be traced deeper 25 still, and the woman and her traps were really and directly connected with the powers beneath the earth, it is impossible to determine; it is certain she had the will, it is certain that that will was from their inspiration; nay, it is certain that she thought she really possessed the com- 30 munications which she desired; it is certain, too, she so far deceived herself as to fancy that what she learned by

mere natural means came to her from a diabolical source. She kept up an active correspondence with Sicca. She was consulted by numbers; she was up with the public news, the social gossip, and the private and secret transactions of the hour; and had, before now, even interfered in matters of state, and had been courted by rival political parties.

But in the high cares and occupations of this interesting person, we are not here concerned; but with a conversation which took place between her and Juba, about the same hour of the evening as that of Caecilius's escape, but on the day after it, while the sun was gleaming almost horizontally through the tall trunks of the trees of the forest.

15 "Well, my precious boy," said the old woman, "the choicest gifts of great Cham be your portion! You had excellent sport yesterday, I'll warrant. The rats squeaked, eh? and you beat the life out of them. That scoundrel sacristan, I suppose, has taken up his quarters
20 below."

"You may say it," answered Juba. "The reptile! he turned right about, and would have made himself an honest fellow, when it couldn't be helped."

"Good, good!" returned Gurta, as if she had got something very pleasant in her mouth; "ah! that is good! but he did not escape on that score, I do trust."

"They pulled him to pieces all the more cheerfully," said Juba.

"Pulled him to pieces, limb by limb, joint by joint, eh?"
30 answered Gurta. "Did they skin him? — did they do anything to his eyes, or his tongue? Anyhow, it was too quickly, Juba. Slowly, leisurely, gradually. Yes, it's

like a glutton to be quick about it. Taste him, handle him, play with him, — that's luxury! but to bolt him, — faugh!"

"Caeso's slave made a good end," said Juba: "he stood up for his views, and died like a man."

"The gods smite him! but he has gone up — up:" and she laughed. "Up to what they call bliss and glory; — such glory! but he's out of our domain, you know. But he did not die easy?"

"The boys worried him a good deal," answered Juba: "but it's not quite in my line, mother, all this. I think you drink a pint of blood morning and evening, and thrive on it, old woman. It makes you merry; but it's too much for my stomach."

"Ha, ha, my boy!" cried Gurta; "you'll improve in time, though you make wry faces, now that you're young. Well, and have you brought me any news from the capitol? Is any one getting a rise in the world, or a downfall? How blows the wind? Are there changes in the camp? This Decius, I suspect, will not last long."

"They all seem desperately frightened," said Juba, "lest they should not smite your friends hard enough, Gurta. Root and branch is the word. They'll have to make a few Christians for the occasion, in order to kill them: and I almost think they're about it," he added, thoughtfully. "They have to show that they are not surpassed by the rabble. 'Tis a pity Christians are so few, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, yes," she said, "but we must crush them, grind them, many or few: and we shall, we shall! Callista's to come."

"I don't see they are worse than other people," said

Juba ; "not at all, except that they are commonly sneaks. If Callista turns, why should not I turn too, mother, to keep her company, and keep your hand in?"

"No, no, my boy," returned the witch, "you must serve
5 my master. You are having your fling just now, but you will buckle to in good time. You must one day take some work with my merry men. Come here, child," said the fond mother, "and let me kiss you."

"Keep your kisses for your monkeys and goats and
10 cats," answered Juba ; "they're not to my taste, old dame. Master ! my master ! I won't have a master ! I'll be nobody's servant. I'll never stand to be hired, nor cringe to a bully, nor quake before a rod. Please yourself, Gurta ; I am a free man. You're my mother by courtesy only."

15 Gurta looked at him savagely. "Why, you're not going to be pious and virtuous, Juba ? A choice saint you'll make ! You shall be drawn for a picture."

"Why shouldn't I, if I choose?" said Juba. "If I must take service, willy nilly, I'd any day prefer the other's to
20 that of your friend. I've not left the master to take the man."

"Blaspheme not the great gods," she answered, "or they'll do you a mischief yet."

"I say again," insisted Juba, "if I must lick the earth,
25 it shall be in my brother's fashion, rather than in yours, Gurta."

"Agellius !" she shrieked out with such disgust, that it is wonderful she uttered the name at all. "Ah ! you have not told me about him, boy. Well, is he safe in the
30 pit, or in the stomach of an hyena?"

"He's alive," said Juba ; "but he has not got it in him to be a Christian. Yes, he's safe with his uncle."

"Ah! Jucundus must ruin him, debauch him, and then we must make away with him. We must not be in a hurry," said Gurta, "it must be body and soul."

"No one shall touch him, craven as he is," answered Juba. "I despise him, but let him alone." 5

"Don't come across me," said Gurta, sullenly; "I'll have my way. Why, you know I could smite you to the dust, as well as him, if I choose."

"But you have not asked me about Callista," answered Juba. "It is really a capital joke, but she has got into 10 prison for certain, for being a Christian. Fancy it! they caught her in the streets, and put her in the guard-house, and have had her up for examination. You see they want a Christian for the nonce: it would not do to have none such in prison; so they will flourish with her till Decius 15 bolts from the scene."

"The Furies have her!" cried Gurta: "she is a Christian, my boy: I told you so, long ago!"

"Callista a Christian!" answered Juba, "ha! ha! She and Agellius are going to make a match of it, of some sort 20 or other. They're thinking of other things than paradise."

"She and the old priest, more likely, more likely," said Gurta. "He's in prison with her — in the pit, as I trust." 25

"Your master has cheated you for once, old woman," said Juba.

Gurta looked at him fiercely, and seemed waiting for his explanation. He began singing, —

"She wheedled and coaxed, but he was no fool; 30
He'd be his own master, he'd not be her tool;
Not the little black moor should send him to school.

“She foamed and she cursed — ’twas the same thing to him ;
She laid well her trap ; but he carried his whim ; —
The priest scuffled off, safe in life and in limb.”

Gurta was almost suffocated with passion. “Cyprianus
5 has not escaped, boy?” she asked at length.

“I got him off,” said Juba, undauntedly.

A shade, as of Erebus, passed over the witch’s face ; but
she remained quite silent.

“Mother, I am my own master,” he continued, “I must
10 break your assumption of superiority. I’m not a boy,
though you call me so. I’ll have my own way. Yes, I
saved Cyprianus. You’re a blood-thirsty old hag ! Yes,
I’ve seen your secret doings. Did not I catch you the
other day, practising on that little child ? You had nailed
15 him up by hands and feet against the tree, and were cut-
ting him to pieces at your leisure, as he quivered and
shrieked the while. You were examining or using his liver
for some of your black purposes. It’s not in my line ; but
you gloated over it ; and when he wailed, you wailed in
20 mimicry. You were panting with pleasure.”

Gurta was still silent, and had an expression on her face,
awful from the intensity of its malignity. She had ut-
tered a low piercing whistle.

“Yes !” continued Juba, “you revelled in it. You
25 chattered to the poor babe when it screamed, as a nurse to
an infant. You called it pretty names, and squeaked out
your satisfaction each time you stuck it. You old hag !
I’m not of your breed, though they call us of kin. I don’t
fear you,” he said, observing the expression of her counte-
30 nance, “I don’t fear the immortal devil !” And he con-
tinued his song —

"She beckoned the moon, and the moon came down ;
The green earth shrivelled beneath her frown ;
But a man's strong will can keep his own."

While he was talking and singing, her call had been answered from the hut. An animal of some wonderful species ⁵ had crept out of it, and proceeded to creep and crawl, moeing and twisting as it went, along the trees and shrubs which rounded the grass plot. When it came up to the old woman, it crouched at her feet, and then rose upon its hind legs and begged. She took hold of the uncouth beast ¹⁰ and began to fondle it in her arms, muttering something in its ear. At length, when Juba stopped for a moment in his song, she suddenly flung it right at him, with great force, saying, "Take that!" She then gave utterance to a low inward laugh, and leaned herself back against the ¹⁵ trunk of the tree upon which she was sitting, with her knees drawn up almost to her chin.

The blow seemed to act on Juba as a shock on his nervous system, both from its violence and its strangeness. He stood still for a moment, and then, without saying a ²⁰ word, he turned away, and walked slowly down the hill, as if in a maze. Then he sat down. . . .

In an instant up he started again with a great cry, and began running at the top of his speed. He thought he heard a voice speak in him ; and, however fast he ran, ²⁵ the voice, or whatever it was, kept up with him. He rushed through the underwood, trampling and crushing it under his feet, and scaring the birds and small game which lodged there. At last, exhausted, he stood still for breath, when he heard it say loudly and deeply, as if speaking with ³⁰ his own organs, "You cannot escape from yourself!"

Then a terror seized him ; he fell down and fainted away.

A MOTHER'S BLESSING

When his senses returned, his first impression was something in him not himself. He felt it in his breathing ; he tasted it in his mouth.

The brook which ran by Gurta's encampment had by
5 this time become a streamlet, though still shallow. He plunged into it ; a feeling came upon him as if he ought to drown himself, had it been deeper. He rolled about in it, in spite of its flinty and rocky bed. When he came out of it, his tunic sticking to him, he tore it off his shoulders, and
10 let it hang round his girdle in shreds, as it might. The shock of the water, however, acted as a sedative upon him, and the coolness of the night refreshed him. He walked on for a while in silence.

Suddenly the power within him began uttering, by
15 means of his organs of speech, the most fearful blasphemies, words embodying conceptions which, had they come into his mind, he might indeed have borne with patience before this, or uttered in bravado, but which now filled him with inexpressible loathing, and a terror to which he
20 had hitherto been quite a stranger.

He had always in his heart believed in a God, but he now believed with a reality and intensity utterly new to him. He felt it as if he saw Him ; he felt there was a world of good and evil beings. He did not love the good, or hate
25 the evil ; but he shrank from the one, and he was terrified at the other ; and he felt himself carried away, against his will, as the prey of some dreadful, mysterious power, which tyrannised over him.

The day had closed — the moon had risen. He plunged
30 into the thickest wood, and the trees seemed to make way

for him. Still they seemed to moan and to creak as they moved out of their place.

Soon he began to see that they were looking at him, and exulting over his misery. They, of an inferior nature, had had no gift which they could abuse and lose; and they remained in that honour and perfection in which they were created. Birds of the night flew out of them, reptiles slunk away; yet soon he began to be surrounded, wherever he went, by a circle of owls, bats, ravens, crows, snakes, wild cats, and apes, which were always looking at him, but somehow made way, retreating before him, and yet forming again, and in order, as he marched along.

He had passed through the wing of the forest which he had entered, and penetrated into the more mountainous country. He ascended the heights; he was a taller, stronger man than he had been; he went forward with a preternatural vigour, and flourished his arms with the excitement of some vinous or gaseous intoxication. He heard the roar of the wild beasts echoed along the woody ravines which were cut into the solid mountain rock, with a reckless feeling, as if he could cope with them.

As he passed the dens of the lion, leopard, hyena, jackal, wild boar, and wolf there he saw them sitting at the entrance, or stopping suddenly as they prowled along, and eyed him, but not daring to approach. He strode along from rock to rock, and over precipices, with the certainty and ease of some giant in Eastern fable.

Suddenly a beast of prey came across him; in a moment he had torn up by the roots the stump of a wild vine plant, which was near him; had thrown himself upon his foe before it could act on the aggressive, had flung it upon its back, forced the weapon into its mouth, and was stamping

on its chest. He knocked the life out of the furious animal; and crying "Take that," tore its flesh and, applying his mouth to the wound, sucked a draught of its blood.

He has passed over the mountain, and has descended its
5 side. Bristling shrubs, swamps, precipitous banks, rushing torrents, are no obstacle to his course. He has reached the brow of a hill, with a deep placid river at the foot of it, just as the dawn begins to break. It is a lovely prospect, which, every step he takes, is becoming more definite and more various in the daylight. Masses of oleander,
10 of great beauty, with their red blossoms, fringed the river, and tracked out its course into the distance. The bank of the hill below him, and on the right and left, was a maze of fruit-trees, about which nature, if it were not the
15 hand of man, had had no thought except that they should be altogether there. The wild olive, the pomegranate, the citron, the date, the mulberry, the peach, the apple, and the walnut, formed a sort of spontaneous orchard.

Across the water, groves of palm-trees waved their long
20 and graceful branches in the morning breeze. The stately and solemn ilex, marshalled into long avenues, showed the way to substantial granges or luxurious villas. The green turf or grass was spread out beneath, and here and there flocks and herds were emerging out of the twilight, and
25 growing distinct upon the eye. Elsewhere the ground rose up into sudden eminences crowned with chestnut woods, or with plantations of cedar and acacia, or wildernesses of the cork-tree, the turpentine, the carooba, the white poplar, and the Phenician juniper, while overhead
30 ascended the clinging tendrils of the hop, and an under-wood of myrtle clothed their stems and roots. A profusion of wild flowers carpeted the ground far and near.

Juba stood and gazed till the sun rose opposite to him, envying, repining, hating, like Satan looking in upon Paradise. The wild mountains, or the locust-smitten track would have better suited the tumult of his mind. It would have been a relief to him to have retreated from so fair a scene, and to have retraced his steps, but he was not his own master, and was hurried on.

Sorely against his determined strong resolve and will, crying out and protesting and shuddering, the youth was forced along into the fullness of beauty and blessing with which he was so little in tune. With rage and terror he recognized that he had no part in his own movements, but was a mere slave. In spite of himself he must go forward and behold a peace and sweetness which witnessed against him. He dashed down through the thick grass, plunged into the water, and without rest or respite began a second course of aimless toil and travail through the day.

The savage dogs of the villages howled and fled from him as he passed by; beasts of burden, on their way to market, which he overtook or met, stood still, foamed and trembled; the bright birds, the blue jay, and golden oriole, hid themselves under the leaves and grass; the storks, a religious and domestic bird, stopped their sharp, clattering note from the high tree or farmhouse turret, where they had placed their nests; the very reptiles skulked away from his shadow, as if it were poisonous. The boors who were at their labour in the fields suspended it, to look at one whom the Furies were lashing and whirling on.

Hour after hour passed, the sun attained its zenith, and then declined, but this dreadful compulsory race continued. Oh, what would he have given for one five minutes of oblivion, of slumber, of relief from the burning thirst

which now consumed him ! but the master within him ruled his muscles and his joints, and the intense pain of weariness had no concomitant prostration of strength.

Suddenly he began to laugh hideously ; and he went forward dancing and singing loud, and playing antics. He entered a hovel, made faces at the children, till one of them fell into convulsions, and he ran away with another, and when some country people pursued him, he flung the child in their faces, saying "Take that," and said he was Pentheus, king of Thebes, of whom he had never heard, about to solemnize the orgies of Bacchus, and he began to spout a chorus of Greek, a language he had never learned or heard spoken.

Now it is evening again, and he has come up to a village grove, where the rustics were holding a feast in honour of Pan. The hideous brutal god, with yawning mouth, horned head, and goat's feet, was placed in a rude shed, and a slaughtered lamb, decked with flowers, lay at his feet. The peasants were frisking before him, boys and women, when they were startled by the sight of a gaunt, wild, mysterious figure, which began to dance too.

He flung and capered about with such vigour that they ceased their sport to look on, half with awe and half as a diversion. Suddenly he began to groan and to shriek, as if contending with himself, and willing and not willing some new act ; and the struggle ended in his falling on his hands and knees, and crawling like a quadruped towards the idol. When he got near, his attitude was still more servile ; still groaning and shuddering, he laid himself flat on the ground, and wriggled to the idol as a worm, and lapped up with his tongue the mingled blood and dust which lay about the sacrifice. And then again, as if nature had

successfully asserted her own dignity, he jumped up high in the air, and falling on the god, broke him to pieces, and scampered away out of pursuit, before the lookers-on recovered from their surprise.

Another restless, fearful night amid the open country ; 5 . . . but it seemed as if the worst had passed, and, though still under the heavy chastisement of his pride, there was now more in Juba of human action and of effectual will.

The day broke, and he found himself on the road to 10 Sicca. The beautiful outline of the city was right before him. He passed his brother's cottage and garden ; it was a wreck. The trees torn up, the fences broken down, and the room pillaged of the little that could be found there.

He went on to the city, crying out "Agellius" ; the gate 15 was open and he entered. He went on to the Forum ; he crossed to the house of Jucundus ; few people as yet were stirring in the place. He looked up at the wall.

Suddenly, by the help of projections, and other irregularities of the brickwork, he mounted up upon the flat 20 roof, and dropped down along the tiles, through the *impluvium* into the middle of the house. He went softly into Agellius's closet, where he was asleep, he roused him with the name of Callista, threw his tunic upon him, which was by his side, put his boots into his hands and silently 25 beckoned him to follow him. When he hesitated, he still whispered to him "Callista" and at length seized him and led him on. He unbarred the street door, and with a movement of his arm, more like a blow than a farewell, thrust him into the street. Then he barred again the 30 door upon him, and lay down himself upon the bed which Agellius had left.

His good Angel, we may suppose, had gained a point in his favour, for he lay quiet, and fell into a heavy sleep.

When the magistrates questioned Callista, she denied that she was a Christian but refused to sacrifice to the gods. In spite of her brother's entreaties, she would not declare herself either one way or the other. Caecilius visited her, she was converted and baptised, and when brought before the court again, proclaimed herself a Christian. After a speedy trial she was condemned to death.

THE MARTYRDOM

Callista had sighed for the bright and clear atmosphere of Greece, and she was thrown into the Robur and plunged
5 into the Barathrum of Sicca. But in reality, though she called it Greece, she was panting after a better country and a more lasting home and this country and home she had found. She was now setting out for it.

It was, indeed, no slight marvel that she was not al-
10 ready there. She had been lowered into that pit of death before noon on the second day of her examination, and, excepting some unwholesome bread and water, according to the custom of the prison had had no food since she came into the custody of the *commentariensis* the day before.
15 The order came from the magistrates to bring her out earlier in the morning than was intended, or the prison might have really effected that death which Calphurnius had purposed to pretend.

When the apparitors attempted to raise her, she neither
20 spoke nor moved, nor could well be seen. "Black as Orcus," said one of the fellows, "another torch there! I can't see where she nestles." "There she is, like a bundle

of clothes," said another, "Madam gets up late this morning," said a third. "She's used to softer couches," said a fourth. "Ha! Ha! 'tis a spoiler of beauty, this hole," said a fifth. "She is the demon of stubbornness, and must be crushed," said the jailer: "she likes it, or she would not choose it." "The plague take the witch," said another: "we shall have better seasons when a few like her are ferreted out."

They got her out like a corpse, and put her on the ground outside the prison. When she still did not move, two of them took her between them on their shoulders and arms, and began to move forward, the instrument of torture preceding her.

The fresh air of the morning revived her; she soon sat up. She seemed to drink in life again, and became conscious.

"O beautiful Light!" she whispered, "O lovely Light, my Light and my Life! O my Light and my Life, receive me!"

Gradually she became fully alive to all that was going on. She was going to death, and that rather than deny Him who had bought her by His own death. He had suffered for her, and she was to suffer for Him. He had been racked on the Cross, she too was to have her limbs dislocated after His pattern. She scarcely rested on the men's shoulders; and they vowed afterwards that they thought she was going to fly away, vile witch as she was.

"The witch, the witch," the mob screamed out, for she had now come to the place of her conflict. "We'll pay you off for blight and pestilence! Where's our bread, where's the maize and barley, where are the grapes?"

And they uttered fierce yells of execration, and seemed

disposed to break through the line of apparitors, and to tear her to pieces. Yet, after all, it was not a very hearty uproar, but got up for the occasion. The populace had spent their force, not to say their lives, in the riot in which she
5 was apprehended. The priests and priestesses of the temples had sent the poor wretches and paid for them.

The place of execution was on the north-east of the city, outside the walls, and towards the mountain. It was where slaves were buried, and it was as hideous as such
10 spots usually were. The neighbourhood was wild, open to the beasts of prey, who at night used to descend and feast upon the corpses.

As Callista approached to the scene of her suffering, the expression of her countenance had so altered that a friend
15 would scarce have known it. There was a tenderness in it and a modesty which never had been there in that old time. Her cheek had upon it a blush, as when the rising sun suddenly touches some grey rock or tower ; yet it was white and glistening too, so much that others might have
20 said it was like silver. Her eyes were larger than they had been, and gazed steadfastly, as if at what the multitude did not see. Her lips spoke of sweet peace and deep composure.

When at length she came close upon the rabble, who
25 had been screaming and yelling so fiercely, men, women, and boys suddenly held their peace. It was first from curiosity, then from amazement, then from awe. At length a fear smote through them, and a strange pity and reverence. They almost seemed inclined to worship what
30 stirred them so much, they knew not how ; a new idea had visited those poor, ignorant souls.

A few minutes sufficed to put the rack into working or-

der. She was laid down upon its board in her poor bedimmed tunic, which once flashed so bright in the sun, — she who had been ever so delicate in her appeal. Her wrists and ankles were seized, extended, fastened to the moveable blocks at the extremities of the plank. 5

She spoke her last word, "For Thee, my Lord and Love, for Thee! . . . Accept me, O my Love, upon this bed of pain! And come to me, O my Love, make haste and come!"

The men turned round the wheels rapidly to and fro; 10 the joints were drawn out of their sockets, and then snapped in again. She had fainted. They waited for coming-to; they still waited; they got impatient.

"Dash some water on her," said one. "Spit in her face, and it will do," said a second. "Prick her with your 15 spike," said a third. "Hold your wild talk," said a fourth; "she's gone to the shades."

They gathered round, and looked at her attentively. They could not bring her back. So it was: she had gone to her Lord and her Love. 20

"Lay her out for the wolves and vultures," said the *cornicularius*, and he was going to appoint guards till nightfall, when up came the *stationarii* and Calphurnius in high wrath.

"You dogs!" he cried, "what trick have you been 25 practising against the soldiers of Rome?"

However, expostulation and reproach were bootless; nor would it answer here to go into the quarrel which ensued over the dead body. The magistrates, having got scent of Calphurnius's scheme, had outwitted the tribune by as- 30 signing an earlier hour than was usual for the execution. Life could not be recalled; nor did the soldiers of course

dare publicly to disobey the Proconsul's order for the exposure of the corpse.

All that could be done, they did. They took her down with rude reverence from the rack, and placed her on the sand ; and then they set guards to keep off the rabble, and to avail themselves of any opportunity which might occur to show consideration towards her.

II

UNIVERSITY TEACHING

WHAT REASONS THERE ARE FOR BELIEVING IN THE SUCCESS OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN

All who take part with the Apostle, are on the winning side. He has long since given warrants for the confidence which he claims. From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and, according to the need of the day, and the inspirations of his Lord, 5 he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to nothing in vain. He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own, and, in spite of the persecutor, fertile in the resources of his cruelty, he soon gathered, out of all classes of society, the 10 slave, the soldier, the high-born lady, and the sophist, materials enough to form a people to his Master's honour.

The savage hordes come down in torrents from the north, and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very 15 eye he sobered them, and backed them in their full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him, and to be made ten times more his children even than the old populations which they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, saga- 20 cious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him

they found their match, and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the east and west, and men poured out to take possession ; but he went with them by his missionaries, to China, to Mexico, carried along by zeal and charity, as far as those children of men were led by enterprise, covetousness, or ambition.

Has he failed in his success up to this hour? Did he, in our fathers' day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates, with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings, that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the Everlasting arms?

15 In the first centuries of the Church all this practical sagacity of Holy Church was mere matter of faith, but every age, as it has come, has confirmed faith by actual sight ; and shame on us, if, with the accumulated testimony of eighteen centuries, our eyes are too gross to see those vic-
20 tories which the Saints have ever seen by anticipation. Least of all can we, the Catholics of islands which have in their civilization and diffusion of Knowledge heretofore been so singularly united under the auspices of the Apostolic See, least of all can we be the men to distrust its wis-
25 dom and to predict its failure, when it sends us on a similar mission now.

I cannot forget that, at a time when Celt and Saxon were alike savage, it was the See of Peter that gave both of them, first faith, then civilization ; and then again bound
30 them together in one by the seal of a joint commission to convert and illuminate in their turn the pagan continent. I cannot forget how it was from Rome that the glorious

St. Patrick was sent to Ireland, and did a work so great that he could not have a successor in it, the sanctity and learning and zeal and charity which followed on his death being but the result of the one impulse which he gave. I cannot forget how, in no long time, under the fostering⁵ breath of the Vicar of Christ, a country of heathen superstitions became the very wonder and asylum of all people, — the wonder by reason of its knowledge, sacred and profane, and the asylum of religion, literature and science, when chased away from the continent by the barbarian in-¹⁰ vaders. I recollect its hospitality, freely accorded to the pilgrim; its volumes munificently presented to the foreign student; and the prayers, the blessings, the holy rites, the solemn chants, which sanctified the while both giver and receiver.¹⁵

Nor can I forget either, how my own England had meanwhile become the solicitude of the same unwearied eye: how Augustine was sent to us by Gregory; how he fainted in the way at the tidings of our fierceness, and, but for the Pope, would have shrunk as from an impossible expedi-²⁰ tion; how he was forced on "in weakness and in fear and in much trembling," until he had achieved the conquest of the island to Christ. Nor, again, how it came to pass that, when Augustine died and his work slackened, another Pope, unwearied still, sent three saints from Rome,²⁵ to ennoble and refine the people Augustine had converted.

Three holy men set out for England together, of different nations: Theodore, an Asiatic Greek, from Tarsus; Adrian, an African; Bennett alone a Saxon, for Peter³⁰ knows no distinction of races in his work. They came with theology and science in their train; with relics, with

pictures, with manuscripts of the Holy Fathers and the Greek classics ; and Theodore and Adrian founded schools, secular and monastic, all over England, while Bennett brought to the north the large library he had collected
5 from foreign parts, and, with plans and ornamental work from France, erected a church of stone, under the invocation of St. Peter, after the Roman fashion, "which," says the historian, "he most affected."

I call to mind how St. Wilfrid, St. John of Beverley, St.
10 Bede, and other saintly men, carried on the good work in the following generations and how from that time forth the two islands, England and Ireland, in a dark and dreary age, were the two lights of Christendom, and had no claims on each other, and no thought of self, save in the inter-
15 change of kind offices and the rivalry of love.

O memorable time, when St. Aidan and the Irish monks went up to Lindisfarne and Melrose, and taught the Saxon youth, and when a St. Cuthbert and a St. Eata repaid their charitable toil ! O Blessed days of peace and confidence,
20 when the Celtic Mailduf penetrated to Malmesbury in the south, which has inherited his name, and founded there the famous school which gave birth to the great St. Aldhelm ! O precious seal and testimony of Gospel unity, when, as Aldhelm in turn tells us, the English went to Ire-
25 land "numerous as bees" ; when the Saxon St. Egbert and St. Willibrod, preachers to the heathen Frisons, made the voyage to Ireland to prepare themselves for their work ; and when from Ireland went forth to Germany the two noble Ewalds, Saxons also, to earn the crown of mar-
30 tyrdom !

Such a period, indeed, so rich in grace, in peace, in love, and in good works, could only last for a season ; but, even

when the light was to pass away from them, the sister islands were destined, not to forfeit, but to transmit it together. The time came when the neighbouring continental country was in turn to hold the mission which they had exercised so long and well ; and when to it they made 5 over their honourable office, faithful to the alliance of two hundred years, they made it a joint act. Alcuin was the pupil both of the English and of the Irish schools ; and when Charlemagne would revive science and letters in his own France, it was Alcuin, the representative of both the 10 Saxon and the Celt, who was the chief of those who went forth to supply the need of the great Emperor. Such was the foundation of the school of Paris, from which, in the course of centuries, sprang the famous University, the glory of the middle ages. 15

THAT THE PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSITY
IS TO PROMOTE KNOWLEDGE WHICH
IS AN END IN ITSELF

A University may be considered with reference either to its Students or to its Studies ; and the principle, that all Knowledge is a whole and the separate Sciences parts of one, which I have hitherto been using in behalf of its studies, is equally important when we direct our attention 20 to its students. Now then I turn to the students, and shall consider the education which, by virtue of this principle, a University will give them ; and thus I shall be introduced, Gentlemen, to the second question, which I propose to discuss, viz., whether and in what sense its teach- 25 ing, viewed relatively to the taught, carries the attribute of Utility along with it.

I have said that all branches of knowledge are connected together, because the subject-matter of knowledge is intimately united in itself, as being the acts and the work of the Creator. Hence it is that the Sciences, into which our knowledge may be said to be cast, have multiplied bearings one on another, and an internal sympathy, and admit, or rather demand, comparison and adjustment. They complete, correct, balance each other. This consideration, if well-founded, must be taken into account, not only as regards the attainment of truth, which is their common end, but as regards the influence which they exercise upon those whose education consists in the study of them. I have said already that to give undue prominence to one is to be unjust to another; to neglect to supersede these is to divert those from their proper object. It is to settle the boundary lines between science and science, to disturb their action, to destroy the harmony that binds them together. Such a proceeding will have a corresponding effect when introduced into a place of education. There is no science but tells a different tale, when viewed as a portion of a whole, from what it is likely to suggest when taken by itself, without the safeguard, as I may call it, of others.

Knowledge is capable of being its own end. Such is the constitution of the human mind, that any kind of knowledge, if it be really such, is its own reward. And if this is true of all knowledge, it is true also of that special Philosophy, which consists in a comprehensive view of truth in all its branches, of the relation of science to science, of their mutual bearings and their respective values. What the worth of such an acquirement is, compared with other objects which we seek, — wealth or power or honour or the

conveniences or comforts of life, I do not profess here to discuss; but I would maintain, and mean to show, that it is an object, in its own nature so really and undeniably good, as to be the compensation of a great deal of thought in the compassing, and a great deal of trouble in the at-⁵ taining.

Now, when I say that Knowledge is, not merely a means of something beyond it, or the preliminary of certain arts into which it naturally resolves, but an end sufficient to rest in and to pursue for its own sake, surely I am uttering ¹⁰ no paradox, for I am stating what is both intelligible in itself, and has ever been the common judgment of philosophers and the ordinary feeling of mankind.

Cicero, in enumerating the various heads of mental excellence, lays down the pursuit of Knowledge for its own ¹⁵ sake, as the first of them. "This pertains most of all to human nature," he says, "for we are all of us drawn to the pursuit of Knowledge; in which to excel we consider excellent, whereas to mistake, to err, to be ignorant, to be deceived, is both an evil and a disgrace." And he con- ²⁰ sideres Knowledge the very first object to which we are attracted, after the supply of our physical wants. After the calls and duties of our animal existence, as they may be termed, as regards ourselves, our family, and our neighbours, follows, he tells us, "the search after truth. Ac- ²⁵ cordingly, as soon as we escape from the pressure of necessary cares, forthwith we desire to see, to hear, and to learn; and consider the knowledge of what is hidden or is wonderful, a condition of our happiness."

This passage, though it is but one of many similar pas- ³⁰ sages in a multitude of authors, I take for the very reason that it is so familiarly known to us; and I wish you to ob-

serve, Gentlemen, how distinctly it separates the pursuit of Knowledge from those ulterior objects to which certainly it can be made to conduce, and which are, I suppose, solely contemplated by the persons who would ask of me the use of a University or Liberal Education.

So far from dreaming of the cultivation of Knowledge directly and mainly to promote our physical comfort and enjoyment, for the sake of life and person, of health, of the conjugal and family union, of the social tie and civil security, the great Orator implies, that it is only after our physical and political needs are supplied, and when we are "free from necessary duties and cares," that we are in a condition for "desiring to see, to hear, and to learn." Nor does he contemplate in the least degree the reflex or subsequent action of Knowledge, when acquired, upon those material goods which we set out by securing before we seek it; on the contrary, he expressly denies its bearing upon social life altogether, strange as such a procedure is to those who live after the rise of the Baconian philosophy, and he cautions us against such a cultivation of it as will interfere with our duties to our fellow-creatures. "All these methods," he says, "are engaged in the investigation of truth; by the pursuit of which to be carried off from public occupations is a transgression of duty. For the praise of virtue lies altogether in action; yet intermissions often occur, and then we recur to such pursuits; not to say that the incessant activity of the mind is vigorous enough to carry us on in the pursuit of knowledge, even without any exertion of our own." The idea of benefiting society by means of "the pursuit of science and knowledge" did not enter at all into the motives which he would assign for their cultivation.

It may be objected that, when we profess to seek Knowledge for some end or other beyond itself, whatever it be, we speak intelligibly; but that, whatever men may have said, however obstinately the idea may have kept its ground from age to age, still it is simply unmeaning to say ⁵ that we seek Knowledge for its own sake, and for nothing else; for that it ever leads to something beyond itself, which therefore is its end, and the cause why it is desirable; — moreover, that this end is twofold, either of this world or the next; that all knowledge is cultivated either ¹⁰ for secular objects or eternal; that if it is directed to secular objects, it is called Useful Knowledge, if to eternal, Religious or Christian Knowledge; — in consequence, that if, as I have allowed, this Liberal Knowledge does not benefit the body or estate, it ought to benefit the soul; ¹⁵ but if the fact be really so, that it is neither a physical or a secular good on the one hand, nor a moral good on the other, it cannot be a good at all, and it is not worth the trouble which is necessary for its acquisition.

And then I may be reminded that the professors of this ²⁰ Liberal or Philosophical Knowledge have themselves, in every age, recognized this exposition of the matter, and have submitted to the issue in which it terminates; for they have ever been attempting to make their men virtuous; or, if not, at least have assumed that refinement of ²⁵ mind was virtue, and that they themselves were the virtuous portion of mankind. This they have professed on the one hand; and on the other, they have utterly failed in their professions, so as ever to make themselves a proverb among men, and a laughing-stock both to the grave ³⁰ and the dissipated portion of mankind, in consequence of them. Thus they have furnished against themselves both

the grounds and the means of their own exposure, without any trouble at all to any one else.

In a word, from the time that Athens was the University of the world, what has philosophy taught men, but
5 to promise without practising, and to aspire without attaining? What has the deep and lofty thought of its disciples ended in but eloquent words? Nay, what has its teaching ever meditated, when it was boldest in its remedies for human ill, beyond charming us to sleep with its
10 lessons, that we might feel nothing at all? like some melodious air, or rather like those strong and transporting perfumes, which at first spread their sweetness over every thing they touched, but in a little while do but offend in proportion as they once pleased us. Did Philosophy sup-
15 port Cicero under the disfavor of the fickle populace, or nerve Seneca to oppose an imperial tyrant? It abandoned Brutus, as he sorrowfully confessed, in his great need, and it forced Cato, as his panegyrist strangely boasts, into the false position of defying heaven.

20 Better, far better, to make no professions, you will say, than to cheat others with what we are not, and to scandalize them with what we are. The sensualist, or the man of the world, at any rate is not the victim of fine words, but pursues a reality and gains it. The Philosophy of Utility,
25 you will say, Gentlemen, has at least done its work; and I grant it, — it aimed low, but it has fulfilled its aim.

If that man of great intellect who has been its Prophet in the conduct of life played false to his own professions, he was not bound by his philosophy to be true to his friend
30 or faithful in his trust. Moral virtue was not the line in which he undertook to instruct men; and though, as the poet calls him, he were the "meanest" of mankind, he was

so in what may be called his private capacity and without any prejudice to the theory of induction. He had a right to be so, if he chose, for any thing that the Idols of the den or the theatre had to say to the contrary.

His mission was the increase of physical enjoyment and 5 social comfort; and most wonderfully, most awfully has he fulfilled his conception and his design. Almost day by day have we fresh and comely shoots, and buds, and blossoms, which are to ripen into fruit, on that magical tree of Knowledge which he planted, and to which none of us per- 10 haps, except the very poor, but owes, if not his present life, at least his daily food, his health, and general well-being. He was the divinely provided minister of temporal benefits to all of us: so great, that, whatever I am forced to think of him as a man, I have not the heart, from 15 mere gratitude, to speak of him severely.

And, in spite of the tendencies of his philosophy, which are, as we see at this day, to deprecate, or trample on Theology, he has himself in his writings, gone out of his way, as if with a prophetic misgiving of those tendencies, to in- 20 sist on it as the instrument of that beneficent Father, who, when He came on earth in visible form, took on Him first and most prominently the office of assuaging the bodily wounds of human nature. And truly, like the old medi- 25 ciner in the tale, "he sat diligently at his work, and hummed, with cheerful countenance, a pious song"; and then in turn "went out singing into the meadows so gaily, that those who had seen him from afar might well have thought it was a youth gathering flowers for his beloved, instead of an old physician gathering healing herbs in the morning 30 dew."

Alas, that men, in the action of life or in their heart of

hearts, are not what they seem to be in their moments of excitement, or in their trances or intoxications of genius, — so good, so noble, so serene! Alas, that Bacon too in his own way should after all be but the fellow of
5 those heathen philosophers who in their disadvantages had some excuse for their inconsistency, and who surprise us rather in what they did say than in what they did not do! Alas, that he too, like Socrates or Seneca, must be stripped of his holy-day coat, which looks so fair, and
10 should be but a mockery amid his most majestic gravity of phrase; and, for all his vast abilities, should, in the littleness of his own moral being, but typify the intellectual narrowness of his school!

However, granting all this, heroism after all was not his
15 philosophy: — I cannot deny he has abundantly achieved what he proposed. His is simply a Method whereby bodily discomforts and temporal wants are to be most effectually removed from the greatest number; and already, before it has shown any signs of exhaustion, the gifts of
20 nature, in their most artificial shapes and luxurious profusion and diversity, from all quarters of the earth, and it is undeniable, by its means are brought even to our doors, and we rejoice in them.

THAT KNOWLEDGE IS A REAL GOOD, THOUGH NOT A MORAL OR A PRACTICAL FORCE

I consider Knowledge to have its end in itself. For all
25 its friends, or all its enemies, may say, I insist upon it, that it is as real a mistake to burden it with virtue or religion as with the mechanical arts. Its direct business is not to steel the soul against temptation or to console it in afflic-

tion, any more than to set the loom in motion, or to direct the steam carriage; be it ever so much the means or the condition of both material and moral advancement, still, taken by and in itself, it as little mends our hearts as it improves our temporal circumstances. 5

And if its eulogists claim for it such a power, they commit the very same kind of encroachment on a province not their own as the political economist who should maintain that his science educated him for casuistry or diplomacy. Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another; good sense is 10 not conscience, refinement is not humility, nor is largeness and justness of view faith. Philosophy, however enlightened, however profound, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles. Liberal Education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, 15 but the gentleman.

It is well to be a gentleman, it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life; — these are the connatural qualities of a large 20 knowledge; they are the objects of a University; I am advocating, I shall illustrate and insist upon them; but still, I repeat, they are no guarantee for sanctity or even for conscientiousness, they may attach to the man of the world, to the profligate, to the heartless, — pleasant, alas, 25 and attractive as he shows when decked out in them. Taken by themselves, they do but seem to be what they are not; they look like virtue at a distance, but they are detected by close observers, and on the long run; and hence it is that they are popularly accused of pretence and 30 hypocrisy, not, I repeat, from their own fault, but because their professors and their admirers persist in taking them

for what they are not, and are officious in arrogating for them a praise to which they have no claim. Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk ; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man.

Surely we are not driven to theories of this kind, in order to vindicate the value and dignity of Liberal Knowledge. Surely the real grounds on which its pretensions rest are not so very subtle or abstruse, so very strange or improbable. Surely it is very intelligible to say, and that is what I say here, that Liberal Education, viewed in itself, is simply the cultivation of the intellect, as such, and its object is nothing more or less than intellectual excellence.

Everything has its own perfection, be it higher or lower in the scale of things ; and the perfection of one is not the perfection of another. Things animate, inanimate, visible, invisible, all are good in their kind, and have a *best* of themselves, which is an object of pursuit. Why do you take such pains with your garden or your park ? You see to your walks and turfs and shrubberies ; to your trees and drives ; not as if you mean to make an orchard of one, or corn or pasture land of the other, but because there is a special beauty in all that is goodly in wood, water, plain, and slope, brought all together by art into one shape, and grouped into one whole. Your cities are beautiful, your palaces, your public buildings, your territorial mansions, your churches ; and their beauty leads to nothing beyond itself. There is a physical beauty and a moral : there is a beauty of person, there is a beauty of our moral being,

which is natural virtue; and in like manner there is a beauty, there is a perfection, of the intellect. There is an ideal perfection in these various subject-matters, towards which individual instances are seen to rise, and which are the standards for all instances whatever. 5

The Greek divinities and demigods, as the statuary has moulded them, with their symmetry of figure, and their high forehead and regular features, are the perfection of physical beauty. The heroes, of whom history tells, Alexander, or Caesar, or Scipio, or Saladin, are the repre- 10 sentatives of that magnanimity or self-mastery which is the greatness of human nature. Christianity too has its heroes, and in the supernatural order, we call them Saints. The artist puts before him beauty of feature and form; the poet, beauty of mind; the preacher, the beauty of 15 grace: then intellect too, I repeat, has its beauty, and it has those who aim at it.

To open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to know, and to digest, master, rule, and use its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexi- 20 bility, eloquent expression, is an object as intelligible (for here we are inquiring, not what the object of a Liberal Education is worth, nor what use the Church makes of it, but what it is in itself), I say, is an object as intelligible as the cultivation of virtue, while, at the same time, it is 25 absolutely distinct from it.

THAT KNOWLEDGE IS NOT THE SAME THING AS LEARNING

I suppose the *prima-facie* view which the public at large would take of a University, considering it as a place of Education, is nothing more or less than a place for ac-

quiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects.

Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them: he welcomes them as fast as they come to him; he lives on what is without; he has his eyes ever about him; he has a lively susceptibility of impressions; he imbibes information of every kind; and little does he make his own in the true sense of the word, living rather on his neighbours all around him. He has opinions, religious, political, and literary, and, for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his schoolfellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be. Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises; his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive; he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge. I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy. Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day. It is the seven years of plenty with him: he gathers in by handfuls, like the Egyptians, without counting; and though, as time goes on, there is exercise for his argumentative powers in the Elements of Mathematics, and for his taste in the Poets and Orators, still, while at school, or at least, till quite the last years of his time, he acquires, and little more; and when he is leaving for the University, he is mainly the creature of foreign influences and circumstances, and made up of accidents, homogeneous or not, as the case may be.

Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praise, encourage and assist this result ; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, despatch, persevering application ; for these are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it. Acquirements, again, are emphatically 5 producible, and at a moment ; they are a something to show, both for master and for scholar ; an audience, even though ignorant themselves of the subject of an examination, can comprehend when questions are answered and when they are not. Here again is a reason why mental 10 culture is in the minds of men identified with the acquisition of knowledge.

The same notion possesses the public mind, when it passes on from the thought of a school to that of a University : and with the best of reason so far as this, that there 15 is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge. It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions on any serious subject ; and without such learning the most original mind may be able 20 indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion. There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the matter, and even act upon it. Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous or fertile mind, who re- 25 lies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject. And his works may sell for a while ; he may get a name in his day ; but that will be all. His readers are sure to find 30 on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of

bread, and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose.

Knowledge then is the indispensable condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining to it; this cannot be denied, it is ever to be insisted upon; I begin with it as a first principle; however, the very truth of it carries men too far, and confirms to them the notion that it is the whole of the matter. A narrow mind is thought to be that which contains little knowledge; and an enlarged mind, that which holds a great deal; and what seems to put the matter beyond dispute is, the fact of the great number of studies which are pursued in a University, by its very profession.

Lectures are given on every kind of subject; examinations are held; prizes awarded. There are moral, metaphysical, physical Professors; Professors of languages, of history, of mathematics, of experimental science. Lists of questions are published, wonderful for their range and depth, variety and difficulty; treatises are written, which carry upon their very face the evidence of extensive reading or multifarious information; what then is wanting for mental culture to a person of large reading and scientific attainments? what is grasp of mind but acquirement? where shall philosophical repose be found, but in the consciousness and enjoyment of large intellectual possessions?

And yet this notion is, I conceive, a mistake, and my present business is to show that it is one, and that the end of a Liberal Education is not mere knowledge, or knowledge considered in its *matter*.

It is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means to that sense of

enlargement or enlightenment, of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters: this cannot be denied; but next, it is equally plain, that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is the making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination; but the locomotion, the movement onwards, of that mental centre, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates.

And therefore a truly great intellect, and recognized to be such by the common opinion of mankind, such as the intellect of Aristotle, or St. Thomas, or of Newton, or Goethe (I purposely take instances within and without the Catholic pale, when I would speak of the intellect as such), is one which takes a connected view of old and new, past and present, far and near, and which has an insight into the influence of all these one on another; without which there is no whole, and no centre. It possesses the

knowledge, not only of things, but also of their mutual and true relations; knowledge, not merely considered as acquirement but as philosophy.

Accordingly, when this analytical, distributive, harmonizing process is away, the mind experiences no enlargement, and is not reckoned as enlightened or comprehensive, whatever it may add to its knowledge. For instance, a great memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a
10 grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations toward each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most
15 useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them; still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-read men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the
20 name of culture of mind, or fulfils the type of Liberal Education.

In like manner, we sometimes fall in with persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it, but who general-
25 ize nothing, and have no observations, in the true sense of the word. They abound in information in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things; and, having lived under the influence of no very clear or settled principles, religious or political, they speak of every one and
30 every thing, only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing, not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but

simply talking. No one would say that these persons, well informed as they are, had attained to any great culture of intellect or to philosophy.

The case is the same still more strikingly where the persons in question are beyond dispute men of inferior powers and deficient education. Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive, in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them there.

Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other; but the multiplicity of external objects, which they have encountered, forms no symmetrical and consistent picture upon the imagination; they see the tapestry of human life, as it were on the wrong side, and it tells no story. They sleep and they rise up, and they find themselves, now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's Pillar, or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them foreward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Everything stands by itself, and comes and goes in turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spectator where he was.

25

Perhaps you are near such a man on a particular occasion, and expect him to be shocked or perplexed at something which occurs; but one thing is much the same to him as another, or, if he is perplexed, it is at not knowing what to say, whether it is right to admire, or to ridicule, or to disapprove, while conscious that some expression of opinion is expected from him; for in fact he has no stand-

30

ard of judgment at all, and no landmarks to guide him to a conclusion. Such is mere acquisition, and, I repeat, no one would dream of calling it philosophy.

THAT UNIVERSITY EDUCATION OFTEN
FALLS INTO THE ERROR OF FOS-
TERING MERE ACQUISITION

And now, if I may take for granted that the true and
adequate end of intellectual training and of a University
is not Learning or Acquirement, but rather, is Thought or
Reason exercised upon Knowledge, or what may be called
Philosophy, I shall be in a position to explain the various
mistakes which at the present day beset the subject of
University Education.

I say then, if we would improve the intellect, first of all,
we must ascend; we cannot gain real knowledge on a
level; we must generalize, we must reduce to method, we
must have a grasp of principles, and group and shape our
acquisitions by means of them. It matters not whether
our field of operation be wide or limited; in every case, to
command it, is to move above it.

Who has not felt the irritation of mind and impatience
created by a deep, rich country, visited for the first time,
with winding lanes, and high hedges, and green steepes,
and tangled woods, and everything smiling indeed, but in
a maze? The same feeling comes upon us in a strange
city, when we have no map of the streets. Hence you
hear of practical travellers, when they first come into a
place, mounting some high hill or church tower, by way of
reconnoitring its neighbourhood. In like manner, you
must be above your knowledge, not under it, or it will op-

press you; and the more you have of it, the greater will be the load. The learning of Salmasius or a Burman, unless you are its master, will be your tyrant. "*Imperat aut servit*"; if you can wield it with a strong arm, it is a great weapon; otherwise,

Vis consili expers

Mole ruit sua.

You will be overwhelmed, like Tarpeia, by the heavy wealth which you have exacted from tributary generations.

Instances abound; there are authors who are as pointless as they are inexhaustible in their literary resources. They measure knowledge by bulk, as it lies in the rude block, without symmetry, without design. How many commentators are there on the Classics, how many on 15 Holy Scripture, from whom we rise up, wondering at the learning that has passed before us, and wondering why it passed! How many writers are there of Ecclesiastical History, such as Mosheim or Du Pin, who, breaking up their subject into details, destroy its life, and defraud us 20 of the whole by their anxiety about the parts! The Sermons, again, of the English Divines in the seventeenth century, how often are they mere repertories of miscellaneous and officious learning! Of course Catholics also may read without thinking; and in their case, equally as with 25 Protestants, it holds good, that such knowledge is unworthy of the name, knowledge which they have not thought through, and thought out. Such readers are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it; nay, in matter of fact they are often even carried away by it, 30 without any volition of their own.

Recollect, the Memory can tyrannize, as well as the

Imagination. Derangement, I believe, has been considered as a loss of control over the sequence of ideas. The mind, once set in motion, is henceforth deprived of the power of initiation, and becomes the victim of the train of associations, one thought suggesting another, in the way of cause and effect, as if by a mechanical process, or some physical necessity. No one, who has had experience of men of studious habits, but must recognize the existence of a parallel phenomenon in the case of those who have over-stimulated the Memory. In such persons Reason acts almost as feebly and as impotently as in a madman; once fairly started on any subject whatever, they have no power of self-control; they passively endure the succession of impulses which are evolved out of the original exciting cause; they are passed on from one idea to another and go steadily forward, plodding along one line of thought in spite of the amplest concessions of the hearer, or wandering from it in endless digression in spite of his remonstrances.

Now, if, as is very certain, no one would envy the madman the glow and originality of his conceptions, why must we extol the cultivation of that intellect, which is the prey, not indeed of barren fancies but of barren facts, of random intrusions from without, though not of morbid imaginations from within? And in thus speaking, I am not denying that a strong and ready memory is in itself a real treasure; I am not disparaging a well-stored mind, though it be nothing besides, provided it be sober; any more than I would despise a bookseller's shop: — it is of great value to others, even when not so to the owner. Nor am I banishing, far from it, the possessors of deep and multifarious learning from my ideal University; they adorn

it in the eyes of men ; I do but say that they constitute no type of the results at which it aims ; that it is no great gain to the intellect to have enlarged the memory at the expense of faculties which are indisputably higher.

Nor indeed am I supposing that there is any great danger, at least in this day, of over-education ; the danger is on the other side. I will tell you, Gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the last twenty years, — not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has re-¹⁰jected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects ; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not ; of considering an acquaintance with the¹⁵ learned names of things and persons, and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum, that all this was not dissipation of²⁰ mind, but progress. All things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing, then another, not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil ; without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individ-²⁵ual in it ; and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age. What the steam engine does with matter, the printing press is to do with the mind ; it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be passively, almost unconsciously enlightened, by the mere multiplication and dis-³⁰semination of volumes.

Whether it be the school boy, or the school girl, or the

youth at college, of the mechanic in the town, or the politician in the senate, all have been the victims in one way or other of this most preposterous and pernicious of delusions. Wise men have lifted up their voices in vain; and at length, lest their own institutions should be outshone and should disappear in the folly of the hour, they have been obliged, as far as they could with a good conscience, to humour a spirit which they could not withstand, and make temporizing concessions at which they could not but inwardly smile.

It must not be supposed that, because I so speak, therefore I have some sort of fear of the education of the people: on the contrary, the more education they have, the better, so that it is really education. Nor am I an enemy to the cheap publication of scientific and literary works, which is now in vogue: on the contrary, I consider it a great advantage, convenience, and gain; that is, to those to whom education has given a capacity for using them. Further, I consider such innocent recreations as science and literature are able to furnish will be a very fit occupation of the thoughts and the leisure of young persons, and may be made the means of keeping them from bad employments and bad companions. Moreover, as to that superficial acquaintance with chemistry, and geology, and astronomy, and political economy, and modern history, and biography, and other branches of knowledge, which periodical literature and occasional lectures and scientific institutions diffuse through the community, I think it a graceful accomplishment, and a suitable, nay, in this day a necessary accomplishment, in the case of educated men. Nor, lastly, am I disparaging or discouraging the thorough acquisition of any one of these studies, or deny-

ing that, as far as it goes, such thorough acquisition is a real education of the mind.

All I say is, call things by their right names, and do not confuse together ideas which are essentially different. A thorough knowledge of one science and a superficial acquaintance with many, are not the same thing; a smattering of a hundred things or a memory for detail, is not a philosophical or comprehensive view. Recreations are not education; accomplishments are not education. Do not say, the people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean, amused, refreshed, soothed, put in good spirits and good humour, or kept from vicious excesses. I do not say that such amusements, such occupations of mind, are not a great gain; but they are not education. You may as well call drawing and fencing education, as a general knowledge of botany or conchology. Stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle, but it is not education; it does not form or cultivate the intellect.

Education is a high word; it is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation. We require intellectual eyes to know withal, as bodily eyes for sight. We need both objects and organs intellectual; we cannot gain them without setting about it; we cannot gain them in our sleep or by hap-hazard. The telescope does not dispense with the eyes; the printing press or the lecture room will assist us greatly, but we must be true to ourselves, we must be parties in the work. A University is, according to the usual designation, an Alma Mater, knowing her children one by one, not a foundry or a mint, or a treadmill.

I protest to you, Gentlemen, that if I had to choose be-

tween a so-called University, which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a University which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect, — mind, I do not say which is *morally* the better, for it is plain that compulsory study must be a good and idleness an intolerable mischief, — but if I must determine which of the two courses was the most successful in training, moulding, enlarging the mind, which sent out men the more fitted for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that University which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun.

And, paradox as it may seem, still if results be the test of systems, the influence of the public schools and colleges of England, in the course of the last century, at least will bear out one side of the contrast as I have drawn it. What would come, on the other hand, of the ideal systems of education which have fascinated the imagination of this age, could they ever take effect, and whether they would not produce a generation frivolous, narrow-minded, and resourceless, intellectually considered, is a fair subject for debate; but so far it is certain, that the Universities and scholastic establishments, to which I refer, and which did little more than bring together first boys and then

youths in large numbers, these institutions, with miserable deformities on the side of morals, with a hollow profession of Christianity, and a heathen code of ethics, — I say, at least they can boast of a succession of heroes and statesmen, of literary men and philosophers, of men conspicuous for great natural virtues, for habits of business, for knowledge of life, for practical judgment, for cultivated tastes, for accomplishments, who have made England what it is, — able to subdue the earth, able to dominate over Catholics.

10

How is this to be explained? I suppose as follows: When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another, even if there be no one to teach them; the 15 conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting, day by day.

An infant has to learn the meaning of the information 20 which its senses convey to it, and this seems to be its employment. It fancies all that the eye presents to it to be close to it, till it actually learns the contrary, and thus by practice does it ascertain the relations and uses of those first elements of knowledge which are necessary for its ani- 25 mal existence. A parallel teaching is necessary for our social being, and it is secured by a large school or a college; and this effect may be fairly called in its own department an enlargement of mind. It is seeing the world on a small field with little trouble; for the pupils or students come 30 from very different places, and with widely different notions, and there is much to generalize, much to adjust,

much to eliminate ; there are interrelations to be defined, and conventional rules to be established, in the progress of which the whole assemblage is moulded together, and gains one tone and one character.

THAT REASON IS NOT OF ITSELF RELIGIOUS

5 Right Reason, that is, Reason rightly exercised, leads the mind to the Christian Faith, and plants it there, and teaches it in all its religious speculations to act under its guidance. But Reason, considered as a real agent in the world, and as an operative principle in man's nature,
 10 with an historical course and with definite results, is far from taking so straight and satisfactory a direction.

It considers itself from first to last independent and supreme ; it requires no external authority ; it makes a religion for itself. Even though it accepts Catholicism,
 15 it does not go to sleep ; it has an action and development of its own, as the passions have, or the moral sentiments, or the principle of self-interest. Divine grace, to use the language of Theology, does not by its presence supersede nature ; nor is nature at once brought into simple concur-
 20 rence and coalition with grace. Nature pursues its course, now coincident with that grace, now parallel to it, now across, now divergent, now counter, in proportion to its own imperfections and to the attraction and influence which grace exerts over it. And what takes
 25 place as regards other principles of our nature and their developments is found also as regards Reason.

There is, we know, a Religion of enthusiasm, of superstitious ignorance, of statecraft ; and each has that in it which resembles Catholicism, and that again which con-

tradicts Catholicism. There is the Religion of a warlike people, and of a pastoral people; there is a Religion of rude times, and in like manner there is a Religion of civilized times, of the cultivated intellect, of the philosopher, scholar, and gentleman. This is that Religion of Reason, of which I speak. Viewed in itself, however near it comes to Catholicism, it is of course simply distinct from it; for Catholicism is one whole, and admits of no compromise or modification. Yet this is to view it in the abstract; in matter of fact, and in reference to individuals, we can have no difficulty in conceiving this philosophical Religion present in a Catholic country, as a spirit influencing men to a certain extent, for good or for bad or for both, — a spirit of the age, which again may be found, as among Catholics, so with still greater sway and success in a country not Catholic, yet specifically the same in such a country as it exists in a Catholic community.

The problem then before us today, is to set down some portions of the outline, if we can ascertain them, of the Religion of Civilization, and to determine how they lie relatively to those principles, doctrines, and rules, which Heaven has given us in the Catholic Church.

And here again, when I speak of Revealed Truth, it is scarcely necessary to say that I am not referring to the main articles and prominent points of faith, as contained in the Creed. Had I undertaken to delineate a philosophy, which directly interfered with the Creed, I could not have spoken of it as compatible with the profession of Catholicism. The philosophy I speak of, whether it be viewed within or outside of the Church, does not necessarily take cognizance of the Creed.

Where the country is Catholic, the educated mind takes

its articles for granted, by a sort of implicit faith ; where it is not, it simply ignores them and the whole subject-matter to which they relate, as not affecting social and political interests. Truths about God's Nature, about
5 His dealings towards the human race, about the Economy of Redemption, — in the one case it humbly accepts them, and passes on ; in the other it passes them over, as matters of simple opinion, which can never be decided, and which can have no power over us to make us morally better or
10 worse. I am not speaking then of belief in the great objects of faith when I speak of Catholicism, but I am contemplating Catholicism chiefly as a system of pastoral instruction and moral duty ; and I have to do with its doctrines mainly as they are subservient to its direction
15 of the conscience and the conduct.

Now we see at once a momentous benefit which the philosopher is likely to confer on the pastors of the Church. It is obvious that the first step which they have to effect in the conversion of man and the renovation of his nature,
20 is his rescue from that fearful subjection to sense which is his ordinary state. To be able to break through the meshes of that thralldom, and to disentangle and disengage its ten thousand holds upon the heart, is to bring it, I might almost say, half way to Heaven.

25 Here then I think is the important aid which intellectual cultivation furnishes to us in rescuing the victims of passion and self-will. It expels the excitements of sense by the introduction of those of the intellect. Though it does not raise the mind above nature, nor has any tendency to
30 make us pleasing to our Maker, yet is it nothing to substitute what is in itself harmless for what is, to say the least, inexpressibly dangerous?

WHAT A GENTLEMAN IS, AND HOW HIS
PROVINCE IS OF THIS WORLD

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than take the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and 10 fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; — all clashing of opinion, or collision 15 of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect 20 to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of 25 himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He

is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out.

5 From a long sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted by insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries,
10 and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined
15 intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength in trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the
20 question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the
25 minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits.

If he is an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too
30 wise to be dogmatic or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not

assent, he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, ⁵ but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant of civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the ¹⁰ embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, ¹⁵ or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what ²⁰ sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrines at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind not otherwise than as a number of deductions.

THAT LITERATURE AND STYLE ARE MATTERS OF THE MIND

Literature is the personal use or exercise of language. ²⁵ That this is so is further proved from the fact that one author uses it so differently from another. Language itself in its very origination would seem to be traceable

to individuals. Their peculiarities have given it its character. We are often able in fact to trace particular phrases or idioms to individuals; we know the history of their rise. Slang surely, as it is called, comes of, and
5 breathes of the personal. The connection between the force of words in particular languages and the habits and the sentiments of the nations speaking them has often been pointed out.

And, while the many use language as they find it, the
10 man of genius uses it indeed, but subjects it withal to his own purposes, and moulds it according to his own peculiarities. The throng and succession of ideas, thoughts, feelings, imaginations, aspirations, which pass within him, the abstractions, the juxtapositions, the compari-
15 sons, the discriminations, the conceptions, which are so original in him, his views of external things, his judgments upon life, manners, and history, the exercise of his wits, of his humour, of his depth, of his sagacity, all these innumerable and incessant creations, the very pulsation
20 and throbbing of his intellect, does he image forth, to all does he give utterance, in a corresponding language, which is as multiform as this inward mental action itself and analogous to it, the faithful expression of his intense personality, attending on his own inward world of thought
25 as its very shadow: so that we might all well say that one man's shadow is another's as that the style of a really gifted mind can belong to any but himself. It follows him about as a shadow. His thought and feeling are personal, and so his language is personal.

30 Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one: style is a thinking out into language. This is what I have been laying

down, and this is literature; not *things*, not the verbal symbol of things; not on the other hand mere *words*; but thoughts expressed in language. Call to mind, Gentlemen, the meaning of the Greek word which expresses this special prerogative of man over the feeble intelligence of the inferior animals. It is called Logos: what does Logos mean? It stands both for *reason* and for *speech*, and it is difficult to say which it means more properly. It means both at once: why? because really they cannot be divided, — because they are in a true sense one. When we can separate light and illumination, life and motion, the convex and the concave of a curve, then will it be possible for thought to tread speech under foot, and to hope to do without it — then will it be conceivable that the vigorous and the fertile intellect should renounce its own double, its instrument of expression, and the channel of its speculations and emotions.

Critics should consider this view of the subject before they lay down canons of taste. Often men consider fine writing to be an *addition from without* to the matter treated of, — a sort of ornament superinduced, or a luxury indulged in, by those who have time and inclination for such vanities. They speak as if one man could do the thought, and *another* the style.

We read in Persian travels of the way in which young gentlemen go to work in the East, when they would engage in correspondence with those who inspire them with hope or fear. They cannot write one sentence themselves; so they betake themselves to the professional letter-writer. They confide to him the object they have in view. They have a point to gain from a superior, a favour to ask, an evil to deprecate; they have to approach a man in

power, or to make court to some beautiful lady. The professional man manufactures words for them, as they are wanted, as a stationer sells them paper, or as a school-master might cut their pens. Thought and word are, in
5 their conception, two things, and thus there is a division of labour. The man of thought comes to the man of words; and the man of words, duly instructed in the thought, dips the pen of desire into the ink of devotedness, and proceeds to spread it over the page of desolation.
10 Then the nightingale of affection is heard to warble to the rose of loveliness, while the breeze of anxiety plays around the brow of expectation. This is what the Easterners are said to consider fine writing; and it seems pretty much the idea of the school of critics to whom I have
15 been referring.

We have an instance in literary history of this very proceeding nearer home, in a great University, in the latter years of the last century. I have referred to it before now in a public lecture elsewhere (Position of
20 Catholics in England); but it is too much in point here to be omitted.

A learned Arabic scholar had to deliver a set of lectures before its doctors and professors on an historical subject in which his reading had lain. A linguist is conversant
25 with science rather than with literature; but this gentleman felt that his lectures must not be without a style. Being of the opinion of the Orientals, with whose writings he was familiar, he determined to buy a style. He took the step of engaging a person, at a price, to turn the
30 matter which he had got together into ornamental English. Observe, he did not wish for mere grammatical English, but for an elaborate, pretentious style. An

artist was found in the person of a country curate, and the job was carried out. His lectures remain to this day, in their own place in the protracted series of annual Discourses to which they belong, distinguished amid a number of heavyish compositions by the rhetorical and ambitious diction for which he went into the market. This learned divine, indeed, and the author I have quoted, differ from each other in the estimate they respectively form of literary composition; but they agree together in this, — in considering such composition a trick and a trade; they put it on a par with the gold plate and the flowers and the music and the banquet, which do not make the viand better, but the entertainment more pleasurable; as if language were the hired servant, the mere mistress of the reason, and not the lawful wife in her own house. 15

But can they really think that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott, were accustomed to aim at diction for its own sake, instead of being inspired with their subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because they had beautiful thoughts? this is surely too great a paradox to be borne. Rather it is the fire within the author's breast which overflows in the torrent of his burning, irresistible eloquence; it is the poetry of his inner soul, which relieves itself in the Ode or the Elegy; and his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic, are imaged in the tenderness, or energy, or richness of his language. Nay, according to the well-known line, "*facit indignatio versus*"; not the words alone, but even the rhythm, the metre, the verse, will be the contemporaneous offspring of the emotion or imagination which possesses him. "Poeta nascitur, non fit," says the proverb; and 30

this is in numerous instances true of his poems, as well as of himself. They are born, not framed; they are a strain rather than a composition; and their perfection is the monument, not so much of his skill as of his power.

5 And this is true of prose as well as of verse in its degree: who will not recognize in the vision of Mirza a delicacy and beauty of style which is very difficult to describe, but which is felt to be in exact correspondence to the ideas of which it is the expression?

10 And since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind. That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and the ex-
15 quisiteness in the collection of words, which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect.

Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature
20 commanding. In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and
25 prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, as if *κῦδεϊ γάλῳν*, rejoicing in his own vigor and richness of resource. I say, a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is sort of a fullness of heart, parallel to that which makes the
30 merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with.

I shall then merely sum up what I have said, and come to a conclusion. Reverting, then, to my original question, what is the meaning of Letters, as contained, Gentlemen, in the designation of your Faculty, I have answered, that by Letters or by Literature is meant the expression of 5 thought in language, where by "thought" I mean the ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, and other operations of the human mind. And the Art of Letters is the method by which a speaker or writer brings out in words, worthy of his subject, and sufficient for his audience or readers, 10 the thoughts which impress him. Literature, then, is of personal character; it consists in the enunciations and teachings of those who have a right to speak as representatives of their kind, and in whose words their brethren find an interpretation of their own sentiments, a record of their 15 own experience and a suggestion for their own judgments.

A great author, Gentlemen, is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his own will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has 20 something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more of them he has 25 the better he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of Expression. He is master of the two-fold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his 30 improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious

and singleminded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him ; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendour of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him
 5 the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, "*nil molitur inepte*." If he is an orator, then too he speaks, not only "distincte" and "splendide," but also "apte." His page is the lucid
 10 mirror of his mind and life —

*Quo fit, ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
 Vita senis.*

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly ; forcibly,
 15 because he conceives vividly ; he sees too clearly to be vague ; he is too serious to be otiose ; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich ; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent ; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous.
 20 When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament ; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice ; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its
 25 mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say ; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich
 30 fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

Such pre-eminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such pre-eminently Virgil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of 5 tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.*

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that 10 can be named, — if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine, — if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience re- 15 corded, and wisdom perpetuated, — if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other, — if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen 20 and prophets of the human family, — it will not answer to make light of Literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like bene- 25 fits of others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life, — who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our social influence.

* Compare Horace's boast, "I have built for myself a monument more durable than brass," and Goethe's, "By literature is the whole world made human."

THAT WE MUST TAKE LITERATURE FOR WHAT
IT IS: — A REFLECTION OF LIFE

A Literature, when it is formed, is a national and historical fact; it is a matter of the past and the present, and can be as little ignored as the present, as little undone as the past. We can deny, supersede, or change it, then
5 only, when we can do the same towards the race or language which it represents.

Every great people has a character of its own, which it manifests and perpetuates in a variety of ways. It develops into a monarchy or a republic; — by means of
10 commerce or in war, in agriculture or in manufactures, or in all of these at once; in its cities, its public edifices and works, bridges, canals, and harbours; in its laws, traditions, customs, and manners; in its songs and its proverbs; in its religion; in its line of policy, its bearing, its action to-
15 wards foreign nations; in its alliances, fortunes, and the whole course of its history.

All of these are peculiar, and parts of the whole, and betoken the national character, and savour of each other; and the case is the same with the national language and
20 literature. They are what they are, and cannot be anything else, whether they be good or bad or of a mixed nature; but they are formed, we cannot prescribe them, and afterwards we cannot reverse them. We may feel great repugnance to Milton or Gibbon as men; we may most
25 seriously protest against the spirit which ever lives, and the tendency which ever operates, in every page of their writings; but there they are, an integral portion of English Literature; we cannot extinguish them; we cannot deny their power; we cannot write a new Milton or a new

Gibbon; we cannot expurgate what needs to be excised. They are great English authors, each breathing hatred to the Catholic Church in his own way, each a proud and rebellious creature of God, each gifted with incomparable gifts.

5

We must take things as they are, if we take them at all. We may refuse to say a word to English Literature, if we will; we may have recourse to French or Italian instead, if we think either of these less exceptionable than our own; we may fall back upon the Classics of Greece 10 and Rome; we may have nothing whatever to do with literature, as such, of any kind, and confine ourselves to purely amorphous or monstrous specimens of language; but if we do once profess in our Universities the English language and literature, if we think it allowable to know 15 the state of things we live in, and that national character which we share, if we think it desirable to have a chance of writing what may be read after our day, and praiseworthy to aim at providing for English Catholics a Catholic Literature, then — I do not say that we must at once 20 throw open every sort of book to the young, the weak, or the untrained, — I do not say that we may dispense with our ecclesiastical indexes and emendations, but — we must not fancy ourselves creating what is already created in spite of us, and which never could at a moment be 25 created by means of us, and we must recognize that historical literature, which is in occupation of the language, both as a fact, nay, and as a standard for ourselves.

First-rate excellence in literature, as in other matters, is either an accident or the outcome of a process; and in 30 either case demands a course of years to secure. We cannot reckon on a Plato, we cannot force an Aristotle, any

more than we can command a fine harvest, or create a coal field. If a literature be, as I have said, the voice of a particular nation, it requires a territory and a period, as large as that nation's extent and history, to mature in. It is
5 broader and deeper than the capacity of any body of men, however gifted, or any system of teaching, however true. It is the exponent, not of truth, but of nature, which is true only in its elements. It is the result of the mutual
10 action of a hundred simultaneous influences and operations, and the issue of a hundred strange accidents in independent places and times; it is the scanty compensating produce of the wild discipline of the world and of life, so fruitful in failures; and it is the concentration of those
15 rare manifestations of intellectual power, which no one can account for. It is made up, in the particular language here under consideration, of human beings as heterogeneous as Burns and Bunyan, DeFoe and Johnson, Goldsmith and Cowper, Law and Fielding, Scott and Byron.

The remark has been made that the history of an author
20 is the history of his works; it is far more exact to say that, at least in the case of great writers, the history of their works is the history of their fortunes or their times. Each is, in his turn, the man of his age, the type of a generation, or the interpreter of a crisis. He is made for his day, and
25 his day for him. Hooker would not have been but for the existence of Catholics and Puritans, the defeat of the former and the rise of the latter; Clarendon would not have been without the Great Rebellion; Hobbes is the prophet of the reaction to scoffing infidelity; and Addison is the
30 child of the Revolution and its attendant changes. If there be any of our classical authors, who might at first sight have been pronounced a University man, with the

exception of Johnson, Addison is he; yet even Addison the son and brother of clergymen, the fellow of an Oxford society, the resident of a college which still points to the walks which he planted, must be something more, in order to take his place among the Classics of the Language, ⁵ and owed the variety of his matter to his experience of life, and to the call made on his resources by the exigencies of his day. The world he lived in made him and used him. While his writings educated his own generation, they have delineated it for all posterity after him.

III

TWO SERMONS

THE CROSS OF CHRIST THE MEASURE OF THE WORLD

A great number of men live and die without reflecting at all upon the state of things in which they find themselves. They take things as they come, and follow their inclinations as far as they have the opportunity. They
5 are guided mainly by pleasure and pain, not by reason, principle, or conscience; and they do not attempt to interpret this world, to determine what it means, or to reduce what they see and feel to system.

But when persons, either from thoughtfulness of mind,
10 or from intellectual activity, begin to contemplate the visible state of things into which they are born, then forthwith they find it a maze and a perplexity. It is a riddle which they cannot solve. It seems full of contradictions and without a drift. Why it is, and what it is to issue in,
15 and how it is what it is, and how we come to be introduced into it, and what is our destiny, are all mysteries.

In this difficulty, some have formed one philosophy of life, and others another. Men have thought they had found the key, by means of which they might read what
20 is so obscure. Ten thousand things come before us one after another in the course of life, and what are we to think of them? what colour are we to give them? Are

we to look at all things in a gay and mirthful way? or in a melancholy way? in a desponding or a hopeful way? Are we to make light of life altogether, or to treat the whole subject seriously? Are we to make greatest things of little consequence or least things of great consequence? 5 Are we to keep in mind what is past and gone, or are we to look on to the future, or are we to be absorbed in what is present?

How are we to look at things? this is the question which all persons of observation ask themselves, and answer each 10 in his own way. They wish to think by rule; by something within them, which may harmonize and adjust what is without them. Such is the need felt by reflective minds. Now, let me ask, what is the real key, what is the Christian interpretation of this world? What is 15 given us by revelation to estimate and measure this world by? The event of this season, — the Crucifixion of the Son of God.

It is the death of the Eternal Word of God made flesh, which is our great lesson how to think and how to speak 20 of this world. His Cross has put its due value upon every thing which we see, upon all fortunes, all advantages, all ranks, all dignities, all pleasures; upon the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. It has set a price upon the excitements, the rivalries, the 25 hopes, the fears, the desires, the efforts, the triumphs of mortal man. It has given a meaning to the various, shifting course, the trials, the temptations, the sufferings, of his earthly state. It has brought together and made consistent all that seemed discordant and aimless. It has 30 taught us how to live, how to use this world, what to expect, what to desire, what to hope. It is the tone into

which all the strains of this world's music are ultimately to be resolved.

Look around, and see what the world presents of high and low. Go to the court of princes. See the treasure 5 and skill of all nations brought together to honour a child of man. Observe the prostration of the many before the few. Consider the form and ceremonial, the pomp, the state, the circumstance; and the vain-glory. Do you wish to know the worth of it all? look at the Cross of 10 Christ.

Go to the political world: see nation jealous of nation, trade rivaling trade, armies and fleets matched against each other. Survey the various ranks of the community, its parties and their contests, the strivings of the am- 15 bitious, the intrigues of the crafty. What is the end of all this turmoil? the grave. What is the measure? the Cross.

Go, again, to the world of intellect and science; consider the wonderful discoveries which the human mind is 20 making, the variety of arts to which it shows its power; and next, the pride and confidence of reason, and the absorbing devotion of thought to transitory objects, which is the consequence. Would you form a right judgment of all this? look at the Cross.

Again: look at misery, look at poverty and destitution, look at oppression and captivity; go where food is scanty, and lodging unhealthy. Consider pain and suffering, diseases long or violent, all that is frightful and re- 25 volting. Would you know how to rate all these? gaze upon the Cross. 30

Thus in the Cross, and Him who hung upon it, all things meet; all things subserve it, all things need it. It is

their center and their interpretation. For He was lifted up upon it, that He might draw all men and all things unto Him.

But it will be said, that the view which the Cross of Christ imparts to us of human life and of the world, is not that which we should take, if left to ourselves; that it is not an obvious view; that if we look at things on their surface, they are far more bright and sunny than they appear when viewed in all the light which this season casts upon them. The world seems made for the enjoyment of just such a being as man, and man is put into it. He has the *capacity* of enjoyment, and the world supplies the *means*.

How natural this, what a simple as well as pleasant philosophy, yet how different from that of the Cross! The doctrine of the Cross, it may be said, disarranges two parts of a system which seem made for each other; it severs the fruit from the eater, the enjoyment from the enjoyer. How does this solve a problem? does it not rather itself create one?

I answer, first, that whatever force this objection may have, surely it is merely a repetition of that which Eve felt and Satan urged in Eden; for did not the woman see that the forbidden tree was "good for food," and "a tree to be desired"? Well, then, is it wonderful that we too, the descendants of the first pair, should still be in a world where there is a forbidden fruit, and that our trials should lie in being within reach of it, and our happiness in abstaining from it? The world, at first sight, appears *made* for pleasure, and the vision of Christ's Cross is a solemn and sorrowful sight interfering with this appearance. Be it so; but why may it not be our duty to

abstain from enjoyment notwithstanding, if it was a duty even in Eden?

But again ; it is but a superficial view of things to say that this life is made for pleasure and happiness. To those
5 who look under the surface, it tells a very different tale. The doctrine of the Cross does but teach, though infinitely more forcibly, still after all it does but teach the very same lesson which this world teaches to those who live long in it, who have much experience in it, who know it.

10 The world is sweet to the lips, but bitter to the taste. It pleases at first, but not at last. It looks gay on the outside, but evil and misery lie concealed within. When a man has passed a certain number of years in it, he cries out with the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

15 Nay, if he has not religion for his guide, he will be forced to go further, and say, "All is vanity and vexation of Spirit" ; all is disappointment, all is sorrow ; all is pain. The sore judgments of God upon sin are concealed within it, and force a man to grieve whether he will or no. Therefore the doc-

20 trine of the Cross of Christ does but anticipate for us our experience of the world. It is true, it bids us grieve for our sins in the midst of all that smiles and glitters around us ; if we will not heed it, we shall at length be forced to grieve for them from undergoing their fearful punishment. If

25 we will not acknowledge that this world has been made miserable by sin, from the sight of Him on whom our sins were laid, we shall experience it to be miserable by the recoil of those sins upon ourselves.

It may be granted, then, that the doctrine of the Cross
30 is not on the surface of the world. The surface of things is bright only, and the Cross is sorrowful ; it is a hidden doctrine ; it lies under a veil ; it at first sight startles us,

and we are tempted to revolt from it. Like St. Peter, we cry out, "Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee." And yet it is a true doctrine; for truth is not on the surface of things, but in the depths.

And as the doctrine of the Cross, though it be the true ⁵ interpretation of this world, is not prominently manifested in it, upon its surface, but is concealed; so again, when received into the faithful heart, there it abides as a living principle, but deep, and hidden from observation. Religious men, in the words of Scripture, "live by the ¹⁰ faith of the Son of God, who loved them and gave Himself for them": but they do not tell this to all men; they leave others to find it out as they may. Our Lord's own command to His disciples was, that when they fast, they should "anoint their head and wash their face." Thus ¹⁵ they are bound not to make a display, but ever to be content to look outwardly different from what they are really inwardly. They are to carry a cheerful countenance with them, and to control and regulate their feelings, that those feelings, by not being expended on the surface, may ²⁰ retire deep into their hearts and there live.

This being the case, the great and awful doctrine of the Cross of Christ, which we now commemorate, may fitly be called, in the language of figure, the *heart* of religion. The heart may be considered as the seat of life; it is the ²⁵ principle of motion, heat, and activity; from it the blood goes to and fro to the extreme parts of the body. It sustains the man in his powers and faculties; it enables the brain to think; and when it is touched, man dies. And in like manner the sacred doctrine of Christ's Atoning ³⁰ Sacrifice is the vital principle on which the Christian lives, and without which Christianity is not. Without it no

other doctrine is held profitably ; to believe in Christ's Divinity, or in His manhood, or in the Holy Trinity, or in a judgment to come, or in the resurrection of the dead, is an untrue belief, not Christian faith, unless we receive
5 also the doctrine of Christ's sacrifice. On the other hand, to receive it presupposes the reception of other high truths of the Gospel besides ; it involves the belief in Christ's true divinity, in His true incarnation, and in man's sinful state by nature ; and it prepares the way to belief in the
10 sacred Eucharistic feast, in which He who was once crucified is ever given to our souls and bodies, verily and indeed, in His body and in His blood.

But again, the heart is hidden from view ; it is carefully and securely guarded ; it is not like the eye set in the fore-
15 head, commanding all, and seen of all : and so in like manner the sacred Atoning Sacrifice is not one to be talked of, but to be lived upon ; not to be put forth irreverently, but to be adored secretly ; not to be used as a necessary instrument in the conversion of the ungodly, or for the
20 satisfaction of reasoners of this world, but to be unfolded to the docile and obedient ; to young children, whom the world has not corrupted ; to the sorrowful, who need comfort ; to the sincere and earnest, who need a rule of life ; to the innocent, who need warning ; and to the established,
25 who have earned the knowledge of it.

One more remark I shall make and then conclude. It must not be supposed, because the doctrine of the Cross makes us sad, that therefore the Gospel is a sad religion. The Psalmist says : "They that sow in tears shall reap in
30 joy" ; and Our Lord says, "They that mourn shall be comforted." Let no one go away with the impression that the Gospel makes us take a gloomy view of the world and of life.

It hinders us indeed from taking a superficial view, and finding a vain transitory joy in what we see; but it forbids our immediate enjoyment, only to grant enjoyment in truth and fulness afterwards. It only forbids us to *begin* with enjoyment. It only says, If you begin with 5 pleasure, you will end in pain. It bids us begin with the Cross of Christ, and in that Cross we shall at first find sorrow, but in a while peace and comfort will rise out of that sorrow. That Cross will lead us to mourning, repentance, humiliation, prayer, fasting; we shall sorrow 10 for our sins, we shall sorrow with Christ's sufferings; but all this sorrow will only issue, nay, will be undergone in a happiness far greater than the enjoyment which the world gives, — though careless worldly minds indeed will not believe this, ridicule the notion of it, because they have 15 never tasted it, and consider it a mere matter of words, which religious persons think it decent and proper to use, and try to believe themselves, and to get others to believe, but which no one really feels. This is what they think; but Our Saviour said to His disciples, "Ye now therefore 20 have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you" . . . "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

And thus, too, all that is bright and beautiful, even on 25 the surface of this world, though it has no substance, and may not suitably be enjoyed for its own sake, yet is a figure and promise of that true joy which issues out of the Atonement. It is a promise beforehand of what is to be: it is a shadow, raising hope because the substance is to 30 follow, but not to be rashly taken instead of the substance. And it is God's usual mode of dealing with us, in mercy

to send the shadow before the substance, that we may take comfort in what is to be before it comes.

Thus Our Lord before His Passion rode into Jerusalem in triumph, with the multitudes crying Hosanna, and
5 strewing His road with palm branches and their garments. This was but a vain and hollow pageant, nor did Our Lord take pleasure in it. It was a shadow which stayed not, but flitted away. It could not be more than a shadow, for the Passion had not been undergone by which His
10 true triumph was wrought out. He could not enter into His glory before He had first suffered. He could not take pleasure in this semblance of it, knowing that it was unreal. Yet that first shadowy triumph was the omen and presage of the true victory to come, when He had over-
15 borne the sharpness of death.

And so, too, as regards this world, with all its enjoyments, yet disappointments. Let us not trust it; let us not give our hearts to it; let us not begin with it. Let us begin with faith; let us begin with Christ; let us begin
20 with His Cross and the humiliation to which it leads. Let us first be drawn to Him who is lifted up, that so He may, with Himself, freely give us all things. Let us "seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," and then all those things of this world "will be added to us." They
25 alone are able truly to enjoy this world, who begin with the world unseen. They alone enjoy it, who have first abstained from it. They alone can truly feast, who have first fasted; they alone are able to use the world, who have learned not to abuse it; they alone inherit it, who take it
30 as a shadow of the world to come, and who for that world to come relinquish it.

THE SECOND SPRING

Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land. — *Canticle of Canticles*.

We have familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its changes, still it abides. It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up ⁵ in unity; and, though it is ever dying, it is ever coming to life again. Dissolution does but give birth to fresh modes of organization, and one death is the parent of a thousand lives. 'Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony, how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the ¹⁰ great whole. It is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow.

Change upon change, — yet one change cries out to another like the alternate Seraphim, in praise and in glory of their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again; the day is ¹⁵ swallowed up in the gloom of night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it had never been quenched. Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave, towards which it resolutely ²⁰ hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither; but we know,

withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops, — which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, in our depth of desolation, never to
5 despair.

And forcibly as this comes home to every one of us, not less forcible is the contrast which exists between this material world, so vigorous, so reproductive, amid all its changes, and the moral world, so feeble, so downward,
10 so resourceless, amid all its aspirations. That which ought to come to nought, endures; that which promises a future, disappoints and is no more.

The same sun shines in heaven from first to last, and the blue firmament, the everlasting mountains, reflect
15 his rays; but where is there upon earth the champion, the hero, the lawgiver, the body politic, the sovereign race, which was great three hundred years ago, and is great now? Moralists and poets, often do they descant upon this innate vitality of matter, this innate perishableness
20 of mind. Man rises to fall: he tends to dissolution from the moment he begins to be; he lives on, indeed, in his children, he lives on in his name, he lives not in his own person. He is, as regards the manifestations of his nature here below, as a bubble that breaks, and as water poured
25 out upon the earth. He was young, he is old, he is never young again. This is the lament over him, poured forth in verse and in prose, by Christians and by heathen. The greatest work of God's hands under the sun, he, in all the manifestations of his complex being, is born only
30 to die.

His bodily frame first begins to feel the power of this constraining law, though it is the last to succumb to it.

We look at the bloom of youth with interest, yet with pity; and the more graceful and sweet it is, with pity so much the more; for, whatever be its excellence and its glory, soon it begins to be deformed and dishonoured by the very force of its living on. It grows into exhaus-⁵ tion and collapse, till at length it crumbles into that dust out of which it was originally taken.

So is it, too, with our moral being, a far higher and diviner portion of our natural constitution; it begins with life, it ends with what is worse than the mere loss of life,¹⁰ with a living death. How beautiful is the human heart, when it puts forth its first leaves, and opens and rejoices in its spring-tide. Fair as may be the bodily form, fairer far, in its green foliage and bright blossoms, is natural¹⁵ virtue. It blooms in the young, like some rich flower, so delicate, so fragrant, and so dazzling. Generosity and lightness of heart and amiableness, the confiding spirit, the gentle temper, the elastic cheerfulness, the open hand, the pure affection, the noble aspiration, the heroic resolve, the romantic pursuit, the love in which self has no part,²⁰ — are not these beautiful? and are they not dressed and set forth for admiration in their best shapes, in tales and in poems? and ah! what a prospect of good is there! who could believe that it is to fade! and yet, as night follows upon day, as decrepitude follows upon health,²⁵ so surely are failure and overthrow, and annihilation, the issue of this natural virtue, if time only be allowed to run its course.

There are those who are cut off in the first opening of this excellence, and then, if we may trust their epitaphs,³⁰ they have lived like angels; but wait a while, let them live on, let the course of life proceed, let the bright soul

go through the fire and water of the world's temptations and seductions and corruptions and transformations; and, alas for the insufficiency of nature! alas for its powerlessness to persevere, its waywardness in disappointing its own promise! Wait till youth has become age; and not more different is the miniature which we have of him when a boy, when every feature spoke of hope, put side by side of the large portrait painted to his honour when he is old, when his limbs are shrunk, his eyes
10 dim, his brow furrowed, and his hair gray, than differs the moral grace of that boyhood from the forbidding and repulsive aspect of his soul, now that he has lived to the age of man. For moroseness, and misanthropy, and selfishness, is the ordinary winter of that spring.

15 Such is man in his own nature, and such, too, is he in his works. The noblest efforts of his genius, the conquests he has made, the doctrines he has originated, the nations he has civilized, the states he has created, they outlive himself, they outlive him by many centuries,
20 but they tend to an end, and that end is dissolution. Powers of the world, sovereignties, dynasties, sooner or later come to nought; they have their fatal hour. The Roman conqueror shed tears over Carthage, for in the destruction of the rival city he discerned too truly an augury of the fall of Rome; and at length, with the weight
25 and the responsibilities, the crimes and the glories, of centuries upon centuries, the Imperial City fell.

Thus man and all his works are mortal; they die, and they have no power of renovation.

30 But what is it, my Fathers, my Brothers, what is it that has happened in England just at this time? Something strange is passing over this land, by the very surprise,

by the very commotion, which it excites. Were we not near enough the scene of action to be able to say what is going on, — were we the inhabitants of some sister planet possessed of a more perfect mechanism than this earth has discovered for surveying the transactions of another globe, — and did we turn our eyes thence toward England just at this season, we should be arrested by a political phenomenon as wonderful as any which the astronomer notes down from his physical field of view.

It would be the occurrence of a national commotion,¹⁰ almost without parallel, more violent than has happened here for centuries, — at least in the judgments and intentions of men, if not in act and deed. We should note it down, that soon after St. Michael's day, 1850, a storm arose in the moral world, so furious as to demand some¹⁵ great explanation, and to arouse in us an intense desire to gain it. We should observe it increasing from day to day, and spreading from place to place, without remission, almost without lull, up to this very hour, when perhaps it threatens worse still, or at least gives no sure prospect²⁰ of alleviation. Every party in the body politic undergoes its influence, — from the Queen upon her throne, down to the little ones in the infant or day school. The ten thousands of the constituency, the aggregate of religious societies and associations, the great body of es-²⁵ tablished clergy in town and country, the bar, even the medical profession; nay, even literary and scientific circles, every class, every interest, every fireside, gives tokens of this ubiquitous storm. This would be our report of it, seeing it from the distance, and we should speculate on³⁰ the cause. What is it all about? against what is it directed? what wonder has happened upon earth? what

prodigious, what preternatural event is adequate to the burden of so vast an effect?

We should judge rightly in our curiosity about a phenomenon like this; it must be a portentous event, and it is. It is an innovation, a miracle, I may say, in the course of human events. The physical world revolves year by year, and begins again; but the political order of things does not renew itself, does not return; it continues, but it proceeds; there is no retrogression. This is so well understood by men of the day, that with them progress is idolized as another name for good. The past never returns — it is never good; — if we are to escape existing ills, it must be by going forward. The past is out of date; the past is dead. As well may the dead live to us, as well may the dead profit by us, as the past return.

This, then, is the cause of this national transport, this national cry, which encompasses us. The past has returned, the dead lives. Thrones are overturned, and are never restored; States live and die, and then are matter only for history. Babylon was great, and Tyre, and Egypt, and Nineveh, and shall never be great again. The English Church was, and the English Church was not, and the English Church is once again. This is the portent, worthy of a cry. It is the coming in of a Second Spring; it is a restoration in the moral world, such as that which yearly takes place in the physical.

Three centuries ago, and the Catholic Church, that great creation of God's power, stood in this land in pride of place. It had the honours of near a thousand years upon it; it was enthroned in some twenty sees up and down the broad country; it was based in the will of a faithful people; it energized through ten thousand in-

struments of power and influence, and it was ennobled by a host of Saints and Martyrs.

The churches, one by one, recounted and rejoiced in the line of glorified intercessors, who were the respective objects of their grateful homage. Canterbury alone numbered perhaps some sixteen, from St. Augustine to St. Dunstan and St. Elphege, from St. Anselm and St. Thomas down to St. Edmund. York had its St. Paulinus, St. John, St. Wilfrid, and St. William; London, its St. Erconwald; Durham, its St. Cuthbert; Winton, its St. Swithun. Then there were St. Aidan of Lindisfarne, and St. Hugh of Lincoln, and St. Chad of Lichfield, and St. Thomas of Hereford, and St. Oswald and St. Wulstan of Worcester, and St. Osmund of Salisbury, and St. Birinus of Dorchester, and St. Richard of Chichester. And then, too, its religious orders, its monastic establishments, its universities, its wide relations all over Europe, its high prerogatives in the temporal state, its wealth, its dependencies, its popular honours, — where was there in the whole of Christendom a more glorious hierarchy? Mixed up with the civil institutions, with kings and nobles, with the people, found in every village and in every town, — it seemed destined to stand, so long as England stood, and to outlast, it might be, England's greatness.

25

But it was the high decree of heaven, that the majesty of that presence should be blotted out. It is a long story, my Fathers and Brothers — you know it well. I need not go through it. The vivifying principle of truth, the shadow of St. Peter, the grace of the Redeemer, left it. That old Church in its day became a corpse (a marvellous, an awful change!); and then it did but corrupt the air

which once it refreshed, and cumber the ground which once it beautified. So all seemed to be lost; and there was a struggle for a time, and then its priests were cast out or martyred.

5 There were sacrileges innumerable. Its temples were profaned or destroyed; its revenues seized by covetous nobles, or squandered upon the ministers of a new faith. The presence of Catholicism was at length simply removed — its grace disowned, — its power despised, —
10 its name, except as a matter of history, at length almost unknown.

It took a long time to do this thoroughly; much time, much thought, much labour, much expense; but at last it was done. Oh, that miserable day, centuries before
15 we were born! What a martyrdom to live in, and see the fair form of Truth, moral and material, hacked piece-meal, and every limb and organ carried off, and burned in the fire, or cast into the deep! But at last the work was done. Truth was disposed of, a sort of peace; —
20 and such was about the state of things when we were born into this world.

My Fathers and Brothers, you have seen it on one side, and some of us on another; but one and all of us can bear witness to the fact of the utter contempt into which
25 Catholicism had fallen by the time that we were born. You, alas, know it far better than I can know it; but it may not be out of place, if by one or two tokens, as by the strokes of a pencil, I bear witness to you from without, of what you can witness so much more truly from
30 within.

No longer the Catholic Church in the country; nay, no longer, I may say, a Catholic community; — but a

few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. "The Roman Catholics"; — not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it, — but a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad, — but 5 a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted, like the pebbles and detritus of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day indeed, was the profession of a Church.

Here is a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at 10 harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family, and a "Roman Catholic." An old-fashioned 15 house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that "Roman Catholics" lived there; but who they were, or what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics no one could tell, — though it had an 20 unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come today upon some Moravian chapel, or Quaker's meeting-house, and tomorrow a chapel of the "Roman 25 Catholics": but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there were lights burning there, and some boys in white, swinging censers; and what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant Histories and Sermons; and they did not report well of "the Roman 30 Catholics," but, on the contrary, deposed that they had once had power and had abused it. And then, again,

we might, on one occasion, hear it pointedly put out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information, which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that the latter had bishops, and the former were governed by four officials, called Vicars-Apostolic.

Such was about the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth, and then called them a *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day. Such were Catholics in England, found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the lords of the earth.

At length so feeble did they become, so utterly contemptible, that contempt gave birth to pity; and the more generous of their tyrants actually began to wish to bestow on them some favour, under the notion that their opinions were simply too absurd ever to spread again, and that they themselves, were they but raised in civil importance, would soon unlearn and be ashamed of them. And thus, out of mere kindness to us, they began to vilify our doctrines to the Protestant world, that so our very idiocy or our secret unbelief might be our plea for mercy.

A great change, an awful contrast, between the time-honoured Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and the poor remnant of their children in the beginning of the nineteenth century! It was a miracle, I might say, to

have pulled down that lordly power; but there was a greater and a truer one in store. No one could have prophesied its fall, but still less would any one have ventured to prophesy its rise again. The fall was wonderful; still, after all it was in the order of nature; — all things come to nought; its rise again would be a different sort of wonder, for it is in the order of grace, — and who can hope for miracles, and such a miracle as this! Has the whole course of history a like to show? I must speak cautiously and according to my knowledge, but I recollect no parallel to it.

Augustine, indeed, came to the same island to which the early missionaries had come already; but they came to Britons, and he to Saxons. The Arian Goths and Lombards too, cast off their heresy in St. Augustine's age, and joined the Church; but they had never fallen away from her. The inspired word seems to imply the almost impossibility of such a grace as the renovation of those who have crucified to themselves again, and trodden underfoot, the Son of God. Who then could have dared to hope that, out of so sacrilegious a nation as this is a people would have been formed again unto their Saviour? What signs did it show that it was to be singled out from among the nations? Had it been prophesied some fifty years ago, would not the very notion have seemed preposterous and wild?

My Fathers, there was one of your own order, then in the maturity of his powers and his reputation. His name is the property of this diocese; yet is too great, too venerable, too dear to all Catholics, to be confined to any part of England, when it is rather a household word in the mouths of all of us. What would have been the feelings

of that venerable man, the champion of God's ark in an evil time, could he have lived to see this day?

It is almost presumptuous for one who knew him not, to draw pictures about him, and his thoughts, and his friends, some of whom are even here at present; yet am I wrong in fancying that a day such as this, in which we stand, would have seemed to him a dream, or, if he prophesied of it, to his hearers nothing but a mockery? Say that one time, rapt in spirit, he had reached forward to the future, and that his mortal eye had wandered from that lowly chapel in the valley which had been for centuries in the possession of Catholics, to the neighbouring height, then waste and solitary.

And let him say to those about him: "I see a bleak mount, looking upon an open country, over against that huge town, to whose inhabitants Catholicism is of so little account.

"I see the ground marked out, and an ample enclosure made; and plantations are rising there, clothing and circling the space.

"And there on that high spot, far from the haunts of men, yet in the very centre of the island, a large edifice, or rather a pile of edifices, appears, with many fronts and courts, and long cloisters and corridors, and story upon story. And there it rises, under the invocation of the same sweet and powerful name which has been our strength and consolation in the Valley.

"I look more attentively at that building, and I see it is fashioned upon that ancient style of art which brings back the past, which had seemed to be perishing off the face of the earth, or to be preserved only as a curiosity, or to be imitated only as a fancy.

"I listen, and I hear the sound of voices, grave and musical, renewing the old chant, with which Augustine greeted Ethelbert in the free air upon the Kentish strand. It comes from a long procession, and it winds along the cloisters. Priests and Religious, theologians from the 5 schools, and canons from the Cathedral, walk in due precedence.

"And then there comes a vision of well nigh twelve mitred heads; and last I see a Prince of the Church, in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom, a pledge to us 10 from Rome of Rome's unwearied love, a token that that goodly company is firm in Apostolic faith and hope.

"And the shadow of the Saints is there; — St. Benedict is there, speaking to us by the voice of bishop and of 15 priest, and counting over the long ages through which he has prayed, and studied, and laboured; there, too, is St. Dominic's white wool, which no blemish can impair, no stain can dim: — and if St. Bernard be not there, it is only that his absence may make him be remembered 20 more. And the princely patriarch, St. Ignatius, too, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through his writhing foe, he, too, sheds his blessing upon that train.

"And others, also, his equals or his juniors in history, 25 whose pictures are above our altars, or soon shall be, the surest proof that the Lord's arm has not waxen short, nor His mercy failed, — they, too, are looking down from their thrones on high upon the throng. And so that high company moves on into the holy place; and there, with 30 august rite and awful sacrifice, inaugurates the great act which brings it thither."

What is that act? It is the first Synod of a new Hierarchy; it is the resurrection of the Church.

O my Fathers, my Brothers, had that revered Bishop spoken then, who that had heard him but would have said
5 that he spoke what could not be? What! those few scattered worshippers, the Roman Catholics, to form a Church! Shall the past be rolled back? Shall the grave open? Shall the Saxons live again to God? Shall the shepherds, watching their poor flocks by night, be visited
10 by a multitude of the heavenly-army, and hear their Lord has been new-born in their own city? Yes; for grace can, where nature cannot.

The world grows old, but the Church is ever young. She can, in any time, at her Lord's will, "inherit the Gen-
15 tiles, and inhabit the desolate cities." "Arise, Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. Lift up thine eyes
20 round about, and see; all these are gathered together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side." "Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, and the rain is over and gone.
25 The flowers have appeared in our land . . . the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come." It is the time for thy Visitation. Arise, Mary, and go forth in thy strength into that north country, which
30 once was thine own, and take possession of a land which knows thee not. Arise, Mother of God, and with thy thrilling voice, speak to those who labour with child,

and are in pain, till the babe of grace leaps within them. Shine on us, dear Lady, with thy bright countenance, like the sun in his strength, *O stella matutina*, O harbinger of peace, till our year is one perpetual May. From thy sweet eyes, from thy pure smile, from thy majestic brow, 5 let ten thousand influences rain down, not to confound or overwhelm, but to persuade, to win over thine enemies.

O Mary, my hope, O Mother undefiled, fulfil to us the promise of this Spring. A second temple rises on the ruins of the old. Canterbury has gone its way, and York is 10 gone, and Durham is gone, and Winchester is gone. It was sore to part with them. We clung to the vision of past greatness, and would not believe it could come to nought; but the Church in England has died, and the Church lives again. Westminster and Nottingham, 15 Beverley and Helham, Northampton and Shrewsbury, if the world lasts, shall be names as musical to the ear, as stirring to the heart, as the glories we have lost; and Saints shall rise out of them, if God so will, and Doctors once again shall give the law, and Preachers call to pen- 20 ance and to justice, as at the beginning.

Yes, my Fathers and Brothers, and if it be God's blessed will, not Saints alone, not Doctors only, not Preachers only, shall be ours, — but Martyrs, too, shall re-consecrate the soil to God. We know not what is before 25 us, ere we win our own; we are engaged in a great, joyful work, but in proportion to God's grace is the fury of His enemies. They have welcomed us as the lion greets his prey. Perhaps they may be familiarized in time with our appearance, but perhaps they may be irritated the 30 more. To set up the Church again in England is too great an act to be done in a corner. We have had reason

to expect that such a boon would not be given to us without a cross.

It is not God's way that great blessings should descend without the sacrifice first of great sufferings. If the truth is to be spread to any wide extent among this people, how can we dream, how can we hope, that trial and trouble shall not accompany its going forth? And we have already, if it may be said without presumption, to commence our work withal, a large store of merits. We have no slight outfit for our opening warfare. Can we religiously suppose that the blood of our martyrs three centuries ago and since, shall never receive its recompense? Those priests, secular and regular, did they suffer for no end? or rather, for an end which is not yet accomplished?

The long imprisonment, the fetid dungeon, the weary suspense, the tyrannous trial, the barbarous sentence, the savage execution, the rack, the gibbet, the knife, the caldron, the numberless tortures of those holy victims, O my God, are they to have no reward? Are Thy martyrs to cry from under Thine altar for their loving vengeance on this guilty people, and to cry in vain? Shall they lose life, and not gain a better life for the children of those who persecuted them? Is this Thy way, O my God, righteous and true? Is it according to Thy promise, O King of saints, if I may dare talk to Thee of justice? Did not Thou Thyself pray for Thine enemies upon the cross, and convert them? Did not Thy first martyr win Thy great Apostle, then a persecutor, by his loving prayer? And in that day of trial and desolation for England, when hearts were pierced through and through with Mary's woe, at the crucifixion of Thy body mystical,

was not every tear that flowed, and every drop of blood that was shed, the seeds of a future harvest, when they who sowed in sorrow were to reap in joy?

And as that suffering of the Martyrs is not yet recompensed, so, perchance, it is not yet exhausted. Something for what we know, remains to be undergone, to complete the necessary sacrifice. May God forbid it, for this poor nation's sake! But still, could we be surprised, my Fathers and my Brothers, if the winter even now should not yet be quite over? Have we any right ¹⁰ to take it strange, if, in this English land, the spring-time of the Church should turn out to be an English spring, an uncertain, anxious time of hope and fear, of joy and suffering, — of bright promise and budding hopes, yet withal, of keen blasts, and cold showers, and sudden ¹⁵ storms?

My Fathers, my Brothers, one word more. It may seem as if I were going out of my way in thus addressing you; but I have some sort of plea to urge in extenuation.

When the English College at Rome was set up by the ²⁰ solicitude of a great Pontiff in the beginning of England's sorrows, and missionaries were trained there for confessorship and martyrdom here, who was it that saluted the fair Saxon youths as they passed by him in the streets of the great City, with the salutation, "*Salvete flores* ²⁵ *martyrum!*" And when the time came for each in turn to leave that peaceful home, and to go forth to the conflict, to whom did they betake themselves before leaving Rome, to receive a blessing which might nerve them for their work? They went for a Saint's blessing; they went ³⁰ to a calm old man, who had never seen blood, except in penance; who had longed indeed to die for Christ, what

time the great St. Francis opened the way to the far East, but who had been fixed as if a sentinel in the holy city, and walked up and down for fifty years on one beat, while his brethren were in battle.

5 Oh! the fire of that heart, too great for its frail tenement, which tormented him to be kept at home when the whole Church was at war! and therefore came those bright-haired strangers to him, ere they set out for the scene of their passion, that the full zeal and love pent up
10 in that burning breast might find a vent, and flow over, from him who was kept at home, upon those who were to face the foe. Therefore, one by one, each in his turn, those faithful soldiers came to the old man; and one by one they persevered and gained the crown and the palm,
15 — all but one, who had not gone, and would not go, for the salutary blessing.

My Fathers, my Brothers, that old man was my own St. Philip. Bear with me for his sake. If I have spoken too seriously, his sweet smile shall temper it. As he was
20 with you three centuries ago in Rome, when our Temple fell, so now surely when it is rising, it is a pleasant token that he should have even set out on his travels to you; and that, as if remembering how he interceded for you at home and recognizing the relations he then formed with
25 you, he should now be wishing to have a name among you, and to be loved by you, and perchance to do you a service, here in your own land.

IV

SHORTER PIECES

TWO PORTRAITS FROM "LOSS AND GAIN"

I

Meanwhile, they had proceeded down the forbidden High Street, and were crossing the bridge, when, on the opposite side, they saw before them a tall, upright man, whom Sheffield had no difficulty in recognizing as a bachelor of Nun's Hall, and a bore of at least the second magnitude. He was in cap and gown, but went on his way, as if intending, in that extraordinary guise, to take a country walk. He took the path which they were going themselves, and they tried to keep behind him; but they walked too briskly, and he too leisurely, to allow of that. 10

It is very difficult duly to delineate a bore in a narrative, for the very reason that he is a bore. A tale must aim at condensation, but a bore acts in solution. It is only on the long-run that he is ascertained. Then, indeed, he is felt; he is oppressive; like the sirocco, which the native 15 detects at once, while a foreigner is often at fault. *Tenet occiditque*. Did you hear him make but one speech, perhaps you would say he was a pleasant, well-informed man; but when he never comes to an end, or has one and the same prose every time you meet him, or keeps you standing 20 till you are fit to sink, or holds you fast when you wish to keep an engagement, or hinders you from listening to

important conversation, — then there is no mistake, the truth bursts on you, you are in the clutches of a bore. You may yield, or you may flee; you cannot conquer. Hence it is clear that a bore cannot be represented in a story or the story would be the bore as much as he. The reader, then, must believe, this upright Mr. Bateman to be what otherwise he might not discover, and thank us for our consideration in not proving as well as asserting it.

II

A few years make a great difference in the standing of men at Oxford, and this made Mr. Vincent what is called a don in the eyes of persons who were very little younger than himself. Besides, Vincent looked much older than he really was; he was of a full habit, with a florid complexion and large blue eyes, and showed a deal of linen at his bosom, and full wristbands at his cuffs. Though a clever man, and a hard reader and worker, and a capital tutor, he was a good feeder as well; he ate and drank, he walked and rode, with as much heart as he lectured in Aristotle, or crammed in Greek plays. What is stranger still, with all this he was something of a valetudinarian.

He had come off from school on a foundation fellowship, and had the reputation both at school and in the University of being a first-rate scholar. He was a strict disciplinarian in his way, had the undergraduates under his thumb, and having some bonhomie in his composition, was regarded by them with mingled feelings of fear and good will. They laughed at him, but carefully obeyed him. Besides this he preached a good sermon, read prayers with unction, and in his conversation sometimes had even a touch of evangelical spirituality. The young men even

declared they could tell how much port he had taken in the Common-room by the devoutness of his responses in evening-chapel; and it was on record that once, during the Confession, he had, in the heat of his contrition, shoved over the huge velvet cushion in which his elbows were imbedded, upon the heads of the gentlemen commoners who sat under him.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD: A REFUTATION

Were it to my present purpose to attack the principles and proceedings of the world, of course it would be obvious for me to retort upon the cold, cruel, selfish system, which this supreme worship of comfort, decency, and social order necessarily introduces; to show you how the many are sacrificed to the few, the poor to the wealthy, how an oligarchical monopoly of enjoyment is established far and wide, and the claims of want, and pain, and sorrow, and affliction, and guilt, and misery, are practically forgotten.

But I will not have recourse to the common-places of controversy when I am on the defensive. All I would say to the world is, — Keep your theories to yourselves; do not inflict them on the sons of Adam everywhere, do not measure heaven and earth by views which are in a great degree insular, and can never be philosophical and catholic. You do your work, perhaps, in a more business-like way, compared with ourselves, but we are immeasurably more tender, and gentle, and angelic than you. We come to poor human nature as the Angels of God, and you as policemen. Look at your poor-houses, hospitals,

and prisons; how perfect are their externals, what skill and ingenuity appear in their structure, economy, and administration. They are as decent, and bright, and calm, as what our Lord seems to name them, — dead
5 men's sepulchres. Yes, they have all the world can give, all but life; all but a heart. Yes, you can hammer up a coffin, you can plaster a tomb; you are nature's undertakers; you cannot build it a home. You cannot feed it or heal it; it lies, like Lazarus, at your gate, full of sores.
10 You see it gasping and panting with privations and penalties; and you sing to it, you dance to it, you show it your picture-books, you let off your fireworks, you open your menageries. Shallow philosophers, is this mode of going on so winning and persuasive that we should imitate
15 it?

Look at your conduct towards criminals, and honestly say whether you expect a power which claims to be divine, to turn copyist of you? You have the power of life and death committed to you by Heaven and some wretched
20 being is sentenced to fall under it for some deed of treachery and blood. It is a righteous sentence, re-echoed by a whole people; and you have a feeling that the criminal himself ought to concur in it, and sentence himself. There is a universal feeling that he ought to resign him-
25 self to your act, and as it were take part in it: in other words, there is a sort of instinct among you that he should make confession, and you are not content without his doing so.

So far the Church goes along with you. So far, but no
30 further. To whom is he to confess? To me, says the priest, for he has injured the Almighty. To me, says the world, for he has injured me. Forgetting that the power

to sentence is simply from God, and that the sentence, if just, is God's sentence, the world is peremptory that no confession shall be made by the criminal to God, without itself being in the secret. It is right, doubtless, that the criminal should make reparation to man as well as 5 to God; but it is not right that the world should insist on having precedence of its Maker, or should prescribe that its Maker should have no secrets apart from itself, or that no divine ministration should relieve a laden breast without its meddling in the act. Yet the world rules it, 10 that whatever is said to a minister of religion in religious confidence is its own property. It considers that a clergyman who attends upon the culprit is its own servant, and by its boards of magistrates, and by its literary organs, it insists on his revealing to its judgment-seat what was 15 uttered before the judgment-seat of God.

What wonder, then, if such forlorn wretches, when thus plainly told that the world is their only God, and knowing that they are quitting the presence of that high potentate forever, steel themselves with obduracy, en- 20 counter it with defiance, baffle its curiosity, and inflict on its impatience such poor revenge as is in their power? They come forth into light, and look up into the face of day for the last time, and, amid the jests and blasphemies of myriads, they pass from a world which they hate into 25 a world which they deny. Small mercies, indeed, has this world shown them, and they make no trial of the mercies of another.

SAINT PHILIP NERI

My own special Father and Patron, St. Philip Neri, lived in an age as traitorous to the interests of religion as 30

any that preceded it, or can follow it. He lived at a time when pride mounted high, and the senses held rule ; a time when kings and nobles never had more of state and homage, and less of personal responsibility and peril ; when
5 mediæval winter was receding, and the summer sun of civilization was bringing into leaf and flower a thousand forms of luxurious enjoyment ; when a new world of thought and beauty had opened upon the human mind, in the discovery of the treasures of classic literature and art.
10 He saw the great and the gifted, dazzled by the Enchantress, and drinking in the magic of her song ; he saw the high and the wise, the student and the artist, painting, and poetry, and sculpture, and music, and architecture, drawn within her range, and circling round the abyss :
15 he saw heathen forms mounting thence, and forming in the thick air : — all this he saw, and he perceived that the mischief was to be met, not with argument, not with science, not with protests and warnings, not by the recluse or the preacher, but by means of the great counter-
20 fascination of purity and truth.

He was raised up to do a work almost peculiar in the Church, — not to be a Jerome Savonarola, though Philip had a true devotion towards him and a tender memory of his Florentine house ; not to be a St. Charles, though
25 in his beaming countenance Philip had recognized the aureol of a saint ; not to be a St. Ignatius, wrestling with the foe, though Philip was termed the Society's bell of call, so many subjects did he send to it ; not to be a St. Francis Xavier, though Philip had longed to shed his blood for
30 Christ in India with him ; not to be a St. Caietan, or hunter of souls, for Philip preferred, as he expressed it, tranquilly to cast in his net to gain them ; he preferred

to yield to the stream, and direct the current, which he could not stop, of science, literature, art, and fashion, and to sweeten and sanctify what God had made very good and man had spoilt.

And so he contemplated as the idea of his mission, not ⁵ the propagation of the faith, nor the exposition of doctrine, nor the catechetical schools; whatever was exact and systematic pleased him not; he put from him monastic rule and authoritative speech, as David refused the armor of his king. No; he would be but an ordinary ¹⁰ individual priest as others: and his weapons should be but unaffected humility and unpretending love. All he did was to be done by the light, and fervour, and convincing eloquence of his personal character and his easy conversation. 15

He came to the Eternal City and he sat himself down there, and his home and his family gradually grew up around him, by the spontaneous accession of materials from without. He did not so much seek his own as draw them to him. He sat in his small room, and they in their ²⁰ gay worldly dresses, the rich and the well-born, as well as the simple and the illiterate, crowded into it. In the mid-heats of summer, in the frosts of winter, still was he in that lone and narrow cell at San Girolamo, reading the hearts of those who came to him, and curing their souls' ²⁵ maladies by the very touch of his hand. It was a vision of the Magi worshiping the Infant Saviour, so pure and innocent, so sweet and beautiful was he; and so loyal and so dear to the gracious Virgin Mother. And they who came remained gazing and listening, till at length, ³⁰ first one and then another threw off their bravery, and took his poor cassock and girdle instead: or, if they

kept it, it was to put haircloth under it, or to take on them a rule of life, while to the world they looked as before.

In the words of his biographer, [Bacci] "he was all things
5 to all men. He suited himself to noble and ignoble, young and old, subjects and prelates, learned and ignorant; and received those who were strangers to him with singular benignity, and embraced them with as much love and charity as if he had been a long while expecting them.
10 When he was called upon to be merry, he was so; if there was a demand upon his sympathy, he was equally ready. He gave the same welcome to all: caressing the poor equally with the rich, and wearying himself to assist all to the utmost limits of his power.

15 In consequence of his being so accessible and willing to receive all comers, many went to him every day, and some continued for the space of thirty, nay forty years, to visit him very often both morning and evening, so that his room went by the agreeable nickname of the Home of
20 Christian mirth. Nay, people came to him, not only from all parts of Italy, but from France, Spain, Germany, and all Christendom; and even the infidels and Jews, who had ever any communication with him, revered him as a holy man." The first families of Rome, the Massimi,
25 the Aldobrandini, the Colonnas, the Altieri, the Vitelleschi, were his friends and penitents. Nobles of Poland, Grandees of Spain, Knights of Malta, could not leave Rome without coming to him. Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops were his intimates; Federigo Borromeo
30 haunted his room and got the name of "Father Philip's soul." The Cardinal-Archbishops of Verona and Bologna wrote books in his honour. Pope Pius the Fourth died

in his arms. Lawyers, painters, musicians, physicians, it was the same too with them. Baronius, Zazzara, and Ricci, left the law at his bidding, and joined his congregation, to do its work, to write the annals of the Church, and to die in the odor of sanctity. Palestrina had Father 5 Philip's ministrations in his last moments. Animuccia hung about him during life, sent him a message after death, and was conducted by him through Purgatory to Heaven.

And who was he, I say, all the while, but an humble 10 priest, a stranger in Rome, with no distinction of family or letters, no claim of station or of office, great simply in the attraction with which a Divine Power had gifted him? and yet thus humble, thus unennobled, thus empty-handed, he has achieved the glorious title of Apostle of 15 Rome.

ON LEARNING HOW TO WRITE

(From a private letter)

First, a man should be in earnest, by which I mean he should write, not for the sake of writing, but to bring out his *thoughts*. One should never aim at being eloquent. He should keep his idea in view, and write sentences over 20 and over again till he has expressed his meaning accurately, forcibly and in a few words. He should aim at being understood by his hearers or readers. He should use words which are most likely to be understood. Ornament and amplification will come to him spontaneously 25 in due time, but he should never seek them.

He must creep before he can fly, by which I mean that humility, which is a great Christian virtue, has a place

in literary composition. He who is ambitious will never write well; but he who tries to say simply and exactly what he feels or thinks . . . will be eloquent without intending it, and will write better English than if he had
5 made a study of English literature.

THE WORLD BEYOND

Shine forth, O Lord, as when on Thy Nativity Thine Angels visited the shepherds; let Thy glory blossom forth as bloom and foliage on the trees; change with Thy mighty power this visible world into that diviner world,
10 which as yet we see not; destroy what we see, that it may pass and be transformed into what we believe.

Bright as is the sun, and the sky, and the clouds; green as are the leaves and the fields; sweet as is the singing of the birds; we know that they are not all, and we will
15 not take up with a part for the whole. They proceed from a centre of love and goodness, which is God Himself; but they are not His fulness; they speak of Heaven, but they are not Heaven; they are but as stray beams and dim reflections of His Image; they are but crumbs
20 from the table.

We are looking for the coming of the day of God, when all this outward world, fair though it be, shall perish; when the Heavens shall be burnt, and the earth melt away. We can bear the loss, for we know it will be but
25 the removing of a veil. We know that to remove the world which is seen, will be the manifestation of the world which is not seen. We know that what we see is as a screen hiding from us God and Christ, and His Saints and Angels.

PRAYER

May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last!

V

POEMS

THE PILLAR AND THE CLOUD

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!

5 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

10 Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

15 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

At Sea, June 16, 1833.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Jesu, Maria — I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me ; I know it now —
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,
(Jesu, have mercy ! Mary, pray for me !) — 5
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity !)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls ! great God ! I look to Thee,) 10
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I came to be.
Pray for me, O my friends ; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare and to daunt, 15
Has never, never come to me before ;
'Tis death, — O loving friends, your prayers ! — 'tis
he ! . . .
As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay, 20
(Help, loving Lord ! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou,)
And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,

That utter nothingness, of which I came :

This is that has come to pass in me ;

O horror ! this it is, my dearest, this ;

So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength
to pray.

ASSISTANTS

5 Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

Holy Mary, pray for him.

All holy Angels, pray for him.

Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.

Holy Abraham, pray for him.

10 St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.

St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,

All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.

All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.

All holy Innocents, pray for him.

15 All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,

All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,

All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

GERONTIUS

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man ;

And through such waning span

20 Of life and thought as still has to be trod,

Prepare to meet thy God.

And while the storm of that bewilderment

Is for a season spent,

And, ere afresh the ruin on thee fall,

25 Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS

Be merciful, be gracious ; spare him, Lord.
 Be merciful, be gracious ; Lord, deliver him.

From the sins that are past ;

From thy frown and Thine ire ;

From the perils of dying ;

5

From any complying

With sin, or denying

His God, or relying

On self, at the last ;

From the nethermost fire ;

10

From all that is evil ;

From power of the devil ;

Thy servant deliver,

For once and forever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,

15

Rescue him from endless loss ;

By Thy death and burial,

Save him from a final fall ;

By Thy rising from the tomb,

By Thy mounting up above,

20

By the Spirit's gracious love,

Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,

De profundis oro te,

Miserere, Judex meus,

25

Parce mihi, Domine.

Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
5 And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
10 Light and life and strength belong,
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
15 Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
20 And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
25 Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
30 De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more ; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man ; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink 5
Of some sheer infinite descent ;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink 10
Into the vast abyss. And, crueller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse 15
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
O Jesu, help ! pray for me Mary, pray !
Some angel, Jesu ! such as came to Thee 20
In Thine own agony. . . .
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.
Mary, pray for me.

ASSISTANTS

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
As of old so many by Thy gracious power ; — Amen. 25
Enoch and Elias from the common doom ; Amen.
Noe from the waters in a saving home ; Amen.
Abraham from th' abounding guilt of Heathenesse ;
Amen.
Job from all his multiform and fell distress ; Amen.

Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay ; Amen.

Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment day ; Amen.

Moses from the land of bondage and despair ; Amen.

Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair ; Amen.

5 And the Children Three amid the furnace flame ; Amen.

Chaste Susanna from the slander and the shame ; Amen.

David from Golia and the wrath of Saul ; Amen.

Thecla from her torments ; Amen.

— so, to show Thy power,
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

GERONTIUS

10 Novissima hora est ; and I fain would sleep,
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

THE PRIEST

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo !

Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul !

15 Go from this world ! Go, in the name of God,

The omnipotent Father, who created thee !

Go, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,

Son of the living God, who bled for thee !

Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who

20 Hath been poured out on thee ! Go, in the name

Of Angels and Archangels ; in the name

Of Thrones and Dominations ; in the name

Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and in the name

Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth !

25 Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets ;

And of Apostles and Evangelists,

Of Martyrs and Confessors ; in the name
Of Holy Monks and Hermits ; in the name
Of Holy Virgins ; and all Saints of God,
Both men and women, go ! Go on thy course ;
And may thy place to-day be found in peace, 5
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
Of Sion : — in the Name of Christ, our Lord.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS

I went to sleep ; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment ; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense 10
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;
Nor does one moment differ from the next. 15
I had a dream ; yes : — some one softly said
“He's gone ;” and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry “Subvenite ;” and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low, 20
And fainter and more faint the accents come
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah ! whence is this ? What is this severance ?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul ; 25
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce

I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still ; for I possess
5 A sort of confidence which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man ; and surely I could move,
10 Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange ; I cannot stir hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
15 By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

20 So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an upward course,
25 And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space.
Which grow and multiply by speed and me?
Or am I traversing infinity
30 By endless subdivision, hurrying back

From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel : someone has me fast
Within his ample palm ; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around 5
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way. 10
And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.
Oh what a heart-subduing melody !

ANGEL

My work is done, 15
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia, 20
For evermore.
My father gave
In charge of me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth, 25
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.
This child of clay

To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

SOUL

It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
10 The throne of God : — he never has known sin ;
But through those cycles all but infinite,
Has had a strong and pure celestial life
And born to gaze on th' unveiled face of God,
And drank from the eternal Fount of truth,
15 And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.
Hark ! he begins again.

ANGEL

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art !
With what a love, what soft persuasive might,
20 Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
To fill the thrones which angels lost through pride !
He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
25 With his whole essence shattered and unsound,
And, coiled around his heart, a demon dire,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death-environed spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost, 5
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh what a shifting parti-coloured scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, lifelong fray! 10
And oh the grace to nerve him and to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth 15
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name; —
How should ethereal natures comprehend
A thing made up of spirit and of clay, 20
Were we not tasked to nurse it and to tend,
Linked one to one throughout its mortal day?
More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed
race.

SOUL

Now know I surely that I am at length 25
Out of the body: had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice

That was so musical; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
5 As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even horror at the thought
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

ANGEL

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree
The last are first, the first become the last;
10 By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,
By whom proud first-borns from their thrones are cast;
Who raises Mary to be Queen of heaven,
While Lucifer is left, condemned and unforgiven.

SOUL

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
15 My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

ANGEL

All hail, my child!
My child and brother, hail! what wouldst thou?

SOUL

I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
20 Conscious communion; though I fain would know
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
And not a curiousness.

ANGEL

You cannot now
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

SOUL

Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful presence of God,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

5

ANGEL

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge:
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

10

15

For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances —
By stars which rise and set harmoniously —
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in th' immaterial world;

20

25

But intervals in their succession
 Are measured by the living thought alone,
 And grow or wane with its intensity.
 And time is not a common property ;
 5 But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
 And near is distant, as received and grasped
 By this mind and by that, and every one
 Is standard of his own chronology.
 And memory lacks its natural resting-points
 10 Of years and centuries, and periods.
 It is thy very energy of thought
 Which keeps thee from thy God.

SOUL

Dear Angel, say,
 Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?
 15 Along my earthly life, the thought of death
 And judgment was to me most terrible.
 I had it aye before me, and I saw
 The Judge severe, e'en in the crucifix.
 Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled ;
 20 And at this balance of my destiny,
 Now close upon me, I can forward look
 With a serenest joy.

ANGEL

It is because
 Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
 25 Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
 For thee the bitterness of death is past.
 Also, because already in thy soul
 The judgment is begun. That day of doom,

One and the same for the collected world —
That solemn consummation for all flesh,
Is, in the case of each, anticipate
Upon his death; and, as the last great day
In the particular judgment is rehearsed, 5
So now too, ere thou comest to the Throne,
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense, 10
And heaven begun.

SOUL

But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,
Could I be frightened.

ANGEL

We are now arrived 15
Close on the judgment court; the sullen howl
Is from the demons who assemble there.
It is the middle region, where of old
Satan appeared among the sons of God,
To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job. 20
So now his legions throng the vestibule,
Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry.

SOUL

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

DEMONS

Low-born clods
Of brute earth,
They aspire
To become gods,
5 By a new birth,
And an extra grace,
And a score of merits,
As if aught
Could stand in place
10 Of the high thought,
And the glance of fire
Of the great spirits,
The powers blest,
The lords by right,
15 The primal owners,
Of the proud dwelling
And the realm of light, —
Dispossessed,
Aside thrust,
20 Chucked down,
By the sheer might
Of a despot's will,
Of a tyrant's frown.
Who after expelling
25 Their hosts, gave,
Triumphant still,
And still unjust,
Each forfeit crown
To psalm droners,
30 And canting groaners,
To every slave,

And pious cheat,
And crawling knave,
Who licked the dust
Under his feet.

ANGEL

It is the restless panting of their being ;
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
In a deep hideous purring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

5

DEMONS

The mind bold
And independent,
The purpose free,
So we are told,
Must not think
To have the ascendant.
What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death ;
A bundle of bones,
Which fools adore,
Ha ! ha !
When life is o'er,
Which rattle and stink,
E'en in the flesh.
We cry his pardon !
No flesh hath he ;
Ha ! ha !
For it hath died,

10

15

20

25

'Tis crucified
Day by day,
Afresh, afresh,
Ha! ha!
5 That holy clay
Ha! ha!
This gains guerdon,
So priestlings prate,
Ha! ha!
10 Before the Judge,
And pleades and atones
For spite and grudge,
And bigot mood,
And envy and hate,
15 And greed of blood.

SOUL

How impotent they are! and yet on earth
They have repute for wondrous power and skill;
And books describe, how that the very face
Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force
20 Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life
Of him who saw it.

ANGEL

In thy trial-state
Thou hadst a traitor nesting close at home,
Connatural, who with the powers of hell
25 Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,
And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart.
And therefore is it, in respect to man,
Those fallen ones show so majestic.

But, when some child of grace, angel or saint,
 Pure and upright in his integrity
 Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,
 They scud away as cowards from the fight.
 Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,
 Not yet disburdened of mortality,
 Mocked at their threats and warlike overtures;
 Or, dying, when they swarmed, like flies, around,
 Defied them, and departed to his Judge.

5

DEMONS

Virtue and vice,
 A knave's pretence.
 'Tis all the same;
 Ha! ha!
 Dread of hell-fire,
 Of the venomous flame,
 A coward's plea.
 Give him his price,
 Saint though he be,
 Ha! ha!
 From shrewd good sense
 He'll slave for hire;
 Ha! ha!
 To the heaven above
 With sordid aim
 And not from love,
 Ha! ha!

10

15

20

25

SOUL

I see not those false spirits; shall I see
 My dearest Master, when I reach His throne;

Or hear, at least, His awful judgment-word
With personal intonation, as I now
Hear thee, not see thee, Angel? Hitherto
All has been darkness since I left the earth ;
5 Shall I remain thus sight bereft all through
My penance time? If so, how comes it then
That I have hearing still, and taste, and touch,
Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense
Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live?

ANGEL

10 Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now ;
Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
The presentations of most holy truths,
Living and strong, which now encompass thee.
A disembodied soul, thou hast by right
15 No converse with aught else beside thyself ;
But, lest so stern a solitude should load
And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed
Some lower measures of perception,
Which seem to thee, as though through channels
brought,
20 Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which are gone.
And thou art wrapped and swathed around in dreams,
Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical ;
For the belongings of thy present state,
Save through such symbols, come not home to thee.
15 And thus thou tell'st of space, and time, and size,
Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,
Of fire, and of refreshment after fire ;
As (let me use similitude of earth,
To aid thee in the knowledge thou dost ask) —

As ice which blisters may be said to burn.
Nor hast thou extension, with its parts
Correlative, — long habit cozens thee, —
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.
Hast thou not heard of those, who, after loss 5
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains
In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man;
So will it be, until the joyous day 10
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.
How, even now, the consummated Saints
See God in heaven, I may not explicate.
Meanwhile let it suffice thee to possess 15
Such means of converse as are granted thee,
Though, till that Beatific Vision thou art blind;
For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like fire,
Is fire without its light.

SOUL

His will be done! 20
I am not worthy e'er to see again
The face of day; far less His countenance
Who is the very sun. Nathless, in life,
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my solace to believe, 25
That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

ANGEL

Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment;
Yes, — for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.

Thus will it be : what time thou art arraigned
 Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
 Is cast forever, should it be to sit
 On His right hand among His pure elect,
 5 Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
 As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,
 And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
 Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach, —
 One moment ; but thou knowest not, my child,
 10 What thou dost ask : that sight of the Most Fair
 Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL

Thou speakest darkly, Angel ! and an awe
 Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL

There was a mortal, who is now above
 15 In the mid glory : he, when near to die,
 Was given communion with the Crucified, —
 Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamped
 Upon his flesh ; and, from the agony
 Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace
 20 Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
 Doth burn ere it transform. . . .
 . . . Hark to those sounds.
 They come of tender beings angelical,
 Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

25 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain, 5
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son he willed to be
A marvel in his birth :
Spirit and flesh his parents were ;
His home was heaven and earth. 10

The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,
And sent him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.

To be his Viceroy in the world 15
Of matter, and of sense ;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A resolute defence.

ANGEL

We have now passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment ; and whereas on earth 20
Temples and palaces are formed of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found,
To mould withal and form into a whole,
But what is immaterial ; and thus 25
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,

The very pavement is made up of life —
 Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
 Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,

5 And in the depth be praise :
 In all His words most wonderful ;
 Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for he was found
 A recreant in the fight ;

10 And lost the heritage of heaven,
 And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
 Around the tempest's din ;
 Who once had angels for his friends,
 15 Had but the brutes for kin.

O man ! a savage kindred they ;
 To flee that monster brood
 He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb
 The giants of the wood.

20 With now a fear, and now a hope,
 With aids which chance supplied,
 From youth to eld, from sire to son,
 He lived, and toiled, and died.

He dreed his penance, age by age ;
 25 And step by step began
 Slowly to doff his savage garb,
 And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
And chastened by His rod,
And taught by Angel-visitings,
At length he sought his God :

And learned to call upon His name,
And in His faith create
A household and a fatherland,
A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,
In patient length of days,
Elaborated into life
A people to His praise !

5

10

SOUL

The sound is like the rushing of the wind —
The summer wind among the lofty pines ;
Swelling and dying, echoing round about,
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful ;
While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,
Descend ecstatic odours.

15

THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

20

The angels, as beseemingly
To spirit-kind was given,
At once were tried and perfected,
And took their seats in heaven.

25

For them no twilight or eclipse ;
No growth and no decay :
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,
Or beatific day.

5 But to the younger race there rose
A hope upon its fall ;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,
The morning dawned on all.

And ages, opening out, divide
10 The precious and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass,
Mature the heirs of grace.

O man ! albeit the quickening ray,
Lit from the second birth,
15 Makes him at length what once he was,
And heaven grows out of earth ;

Yet still between that earth and heaven —
His journey and his goal —
A double agony awaits
20 His body and his soul.

A double debt he has to pay —
The forfeit of his sins,
The chill of death is past, and now
The penance-fire begins.

25 Glory to Him, who evermore
By truth and justice reigns ;
Who tears the soul from out its case,
And burns away its stains !

ANGEL

They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou so eagerly didst question of :
It is the face of the Incarnate God
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain ;
And yet the memory which it leaves will be 5
A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound ;
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
And aggravate and widen it the more.

SOUL

Thou speakest mysteries ; still methinks I know
To disengage the tangle of thy words : 10
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

ANGEL

When then — if such thy lot — thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart,
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts. 15
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,
And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,
That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being as vile as thee. 20
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself ; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel ; and wilt desire 25
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight
And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell

Within the beauty of His countenance.

And these two pains, so counter and so keen, —

The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;

The shame of self at thought of seeing Him, —

5 Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

SOUL .

My soul is in my hand: I have no fear, —

In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.

But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:

It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound

10 Of many waters.

ANGEL

We have gained the stairs

Which rise towards the Presence-chamber; there

A band of mighty Angels keep the way

On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR

15 Father, whose goodness none can know, but they

Who see Thee face to face,

By man hath come the infinite display

Of thy victorious grace;

But fallen man — the creature of a day —

20 Skills not that love to trace.

It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,

An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with awe,

Amid the garden shade,

25 The great Creator in His sickness saw,

Soothed by a creature's aid,

And agonised, as victim of the Law
Which He Himself had made ;
For who can praise Him in His depth and height,
But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary fight?

SOUL

Hark ! for the lintels of the presence-gate
Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

5

FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all his ways.

10

The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,
As if he reckoned ill,
In that he placed His puppet man
The frontier place to fill.

For even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts endued,
A sorry sentinel was he,
A being of flesh and blood.

15

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts,
Who had angelic life.

20

And when, by blandishment of Eve,
The earth-born Adam fell,
He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,
"A sorry sentinel;

- 5 The Maker by His word is bound,
Escape or cure is none;
He must abandon to his doom,
And slay His darling son."

ANGEL

- And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
10 Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

- 15 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

- O wisest love! that flesh and blood
20 Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

- And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
25 God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all divine.

O generous love! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man,
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

5

ANGEL

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

10

SOUL

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL

It is the voice of friends round thy bed,
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

15

ANGEL OF THE AGONY

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;

20

Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
 Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
 Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
 Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
 5 Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
 Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
 Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee,
 Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;
 Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,
 10 To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on
 Thee.

SOUL

I go before my Judge. Ah! . . .

ANGEL

. . . Praise to His Name!
 The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
 And with the intemperate energy of love,
 15 Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
 But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
 Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
 And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
 And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
 20 Passive and still before the awful Throne.
 O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
 Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

SOUL

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be,

And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,

Lone, not forlorn, —

There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,

5

Until the morn.

There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,

Which ne'er can cease

To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess

Of its Sole Peace.

10

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love: —

Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and go above,

And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

ANGEL

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,

15

Making sweet music, as each fold revolves

Upon its ready hinge. And ye great powers,

Angels of Purgatory, receive from me

My charge, a precious soul, until the day,

When, from all bond and forfeiture released,

20

I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

SOULS IN PURGATORY

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge in every generation ;

Before the hills were born, and the world was : from age
to age Thou art God.

Bring us not, Lord, very low : for thou hast said, Come
back again, ye sons of Adam.

A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as yesterday: and as a watch of the night which is come and gone.

The grass springs up in the morning: at even-tide it
5 shrivels up and dies.

So we fail in Thine anger: and in Thy wrath we are troubled.

Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight: and our round of days in the light of Thy countenance.

10 Come back, O Lord! how long: and be entreated for Thy servants.

In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy: we shall rejoice and be in pleasure all our days.

We shall be glad according to the days of our humiliation: and the years in which we have seen evil.
15

Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work: and direct their children

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and the work of our hands, establish Thou it.

20 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

ANGEL

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,

25 In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,

And thou, without a sob or a resistance,

Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest ;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven, 5
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever ! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow ;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow. 10



NOTES

CALLISTA

Callista, first published in 1855, was dedicated to Henry William Wilberforce. Newman felt constrained to say, in the Advertisement, that 'the following Tale is simple fiction from beginning to end,' and that it is 'an attempt to imagine and express, from a Catholic point of view, the feelings and mutual relations of Christians and heathens at the period to which it belongs.' That period is the third century. At the time when Newman wrote, primitive Christianity was much talked of; and in consequence at least three books of some value have been added to English literature: *Callista*, Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," and M. G. Keon's "Dion and the Sibyls." Newman's story has won a secure place for its simplicity, the glow of faith which hovers over its pages, and a keen descriptive power.

PAGE 1, LINE 1. The house of Jucundus. By taking his readers to the home of a prosperous third-century African merchant, Newman is able to describe the social life of the time much more easily than he could by a simple, matter-of-fact statement of conditions.

PAGE 2, LINE 2. Mosaic. A work of art made by piecing together small colored stones.

6. Alabaster. This, like gypsum and talc, was used in making vases or images. The term 'alabaster' is derived from Alabastron, a town in Egypt near which the material was obtained. All three substances are white in color and more or less like marble.

8. Elaborated. Worked out; completed.

11. Classical and barbarian devotion. The classical devotion was the cult of Rome; the barbarian comprised such rites as were native to Carthage and Africa. To the Roman, everything foreign was barbarian.

17. Simulate. Resemble.

19. Juno. The wife of Jupiter, and queen of the Olympian deities. **Mercury.** The messenger of the gods. **Diana.** The chaste goddess of the woods and the patroness of huntsmen.

20. Fortuna. The goddess of fortune. **Household gods.** These were called the 'Lares' and 'Penates.' Images of them were kept in every well-ordered Roman house.

21. Minerva. The goddess of wisdom and prudence.

22. Vesta. The goddess of the hearth and of fire.

26. Jupiter. The ruler of the gods, and the wielder of the thunderbolt. **Mars.** The god of war.

27. Serapis. An Egyptian deity, supposed to have sprung from a moonbeam. **Astarte.** The goddess of fertility and love. Her cult originated with the Phœnicians, and led, during Roman times, to disgraceful orgies.

28. Basilidians. Followers of an early Christian heresy which held queer beliefs concerning the origin of the world and the Redemption of the human race. **Amulets.** Charms carried about the person to ward off evil or witchcraft.

PAGE 3, LINE 5. **Atrium.** The entrance-room, or fore-court. **Impluvium.** The square basin built in the *atrium* to receive the rain.

6. Triclinium. A couch running round three sides of the table. The Roman custom was to eat reclining on a couch.

8. Symposium. Banquet.

13. Scrinia. The department of scribes.

14. Officium. A magistrate's office.

17. Tacape. A Roman city in northern Africa, on the bay of Syrtis. Hot springs were to be found in the neighborhood.

18. Lake Tritonis. A name which Herodotus, the Greek historian, gives the second, or smaller, bay of Syrtis.

19. Nectarines. A variety of peach, very smooth-skinned.

22. Getulian palm. Getulia was the name given to the central portion of northern Africa, from the sea south into the desert.

23. Melilotus. A sweet wine, made from the lotus-flower.

24. Syrtis. A large bay on the northern coast of Africa.

30. Mullet. A barbed sea-fish, the roe (or spawn) of which was prized highly.

30. Mauretania. The Roman name for the district of northern Africa now comprising Morocco and part of Algeria.

32. Goût. The French word for 'taste.'

PAGE 4, LINE 2. Indigenous. Native to the country. **Haggis and cock-a-leekie.** Both these are Scottish dishes. Haggis is a meat-pudding, highly seasoned. Cock-a-leekie is a chicken soup, flavored with leeks.

12. Woad. A blue dye, made from the leaves of the woad plant.

17. Secular Games. A carnival organized to commemorate the passage of the century, or *sæculum*, in the history of Rome. Here, the games for the thousandth anniversary of the founding of Rome.

19. Cockney. A native Londoner, speaking the twang of the East Side.

27. Hemlock. A fatal poison, often given to those condemned to die. Socrates, for instance, drank the hemlock.

30. Tauromenian. A choice wine, made in Sicily, near the old city of Tauromenium.

PAGE 5, LINE 2. Campus Martius. The Field of Mars, where the Roman pageants and games were held.

10. Gymnasia. Fields or buildings given over to athletics.

13. Augustus, Cæsar (B.C. 63-A.D. 14). The first Roman Emperor, whose mausoleum, or tomb, was a vast and gorgeous structure.

14. Hadrian (76-138). Roman Emperor. The mound, or Mole, built by him is still partly visible.

15. Agrippa, Marcus Vipsanius (B.C. 63-12). A Roman statesman who built the temple known as the Pantheon.

16. Syracusan columns. Stone columns quarried near the wealthy city of Syracuse, Sicily.

17. Baths of Alexander. The Roman Emperor Alexander caused great baths to be erected. The Romans were very particular concerning bodily cleanliness, and their public bathhouses were large and elaborate.

20. Fanes. Places of religious worship, especially shrines.

21. Capitoline Hill. One of the seven hills of Rome. The

Capitol, or Temple of Jupiter, formerly stood there. The site is now occupied by the church of Ara Coeli.

22. Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius (121-180). Roman Emperor. A tall column erected in his honor may still be seen in Rome.

PAGE 6, LINE 3. Æneas land. According to Vergil, Æneas, the father of the Romans, fled from Troy and was guided by the goddess Venus to the banks of the Tiber. **Romulus ascend to the gods.** Romulus, with Remus, founded the actual city of Rome, according to the account given by Livy, the Roman historian. One day he held a review of his army; a storm came up and, afterward, Romulus was nowhere to be seen. It was reported that he had been taken up into the heavens.

13. Caracalla, Marcus Aurelius (188-217). Roman Emperor. Though extremely cruel, he gave all freemen throughout the Empire the right of Roman citizenship.

23. Hercules. A demi-god remarkable for his feats of strength.

24. Pileus. A felt cap or hat; the sign of enfranchisement.

27. Via Sacra. The main street of ancient Rome, which connected the Forum and the Capitol. It is lauded by all the Roman poets.

30. Coup-d'œil. The French word for 'glance.'

32. Patrician. A member of the Roman nobility.

PAGE 7, LINE 6. Gladiators. Slaves trained to engage one another in mortal combat during the Roman games.

8. Tunic. The skirt-like inner dress of the ancient Romans.

10. Dancing the Pyrrhic. The Pyrrhic was a Greek war-dance.

15. Satyrs. Sylvan deities, having both animal and human characteristics. In honor of the god Dionysus, the ancients sometimes dressed up to resemble them and indulged in ribald actions.

19. Haruspices. Soothsayers.

22. Carmen. The sacred hymn, written for the occasion by a famous poet. Horace was the author of several *carmina*.

25. Flamens. Priests of Rome.

28. Philip. Proclaimed Emperor by the soldiers, A.D. 244.

31. Decius. The Emperor who reigned at the time of the celebration of the thousandth anniversary — A.D. 248. Two years later he began a persecution of the Christians.

PAGE 8, LINE 6. **Gordianus.** An African proconsul, who reigned as Emperor of Rome for a short while.

17. *Te nos facimus*, etc. 'Fortune, we make thee our goddess.'

24. *Novum sæculum*. 'The new age.'

25. *Æternitati*. 'For eternity.'

PAGE 9, LINE 9. **Herodotus** (B.C. 484?–425). A Greek historian, called the 'Father of History.'

17. Sesostris. A mythical king of Egypt.

18. Imperators, prefects, proconsuls, *vicarii*, *rationales*. All of these were Roman officials. The *imperator* had full power over a separate command of soldiers. The *prefect* was the administrator of justice. The *proconsul* was an officer who had consular power over a specified district outside the city of Rome. *Vicarii* were deputies of a prefect. *Rationales* were treasurers or accountants.

19. Lucullus, Lucius (died, B.C. 57). A Roman general and consul. **Cæsar,** Caius Julius (B.C. 100–44). The greatest of the Roman conquerors. **Pompey,** Cneius (B.C. 106–48). A Roman general, surnamed 'the Great.'

20. Sylla. Sulla, Lucius (B.C. 138–78). Roman dictator and reformer. **Titus,** Flavius Vespasianus (40–81). Roman Emperor. **Trajan,** Marcus (53–117). Roman Emperor. **Old Cheops' pyramid.** Cheops, who lived about B.C. 3700, was king of Egypt and builder of the largest pyramid.

21. Flavian amphitheatre. The great Roman amphitheatre for spectacles and combats, built by the Flavian emperors. Better known as the Colosseum. **Many-gated Thebes.** Thebes was the chief city in that part of ancient Greece known as Bœotia. It boasted of excellent fortifications and seven gates.

22. Nero's golden house. The Roman emperor Nero (32–68) built for himself a palace of gold.

23. Ptolemy (B.C. 367–283). King of Egypt, and renowned for his wealth.

26. Tower of Babylon. The Tower of Babel, as recorded in the Bible.

27. Pullulate. To multiply in great numbers.

PAGE 10, LINE 2. **Bream.** Here most probably a variety of sea-fish called by that name.

3. Murena. A Mediterranean eel, highly valued as food. **Flamingo.** An aquatic bird, with long legs and neck. Notice how in each case the delicacy mentioned is some small and exquisite portion of the animal.

4. Beccaficoes. A variety of birds, chiefly warblers, esteemed by the Italians as a delicacy.

5. Phoenix. The heron, in this passage.

7. Tyrian purple. The city of Tyre, in Asia Minor, was famous for its purple dye. Thus, in the Old Testament, we are told that Hiram of Tyre 'knoweth how to work in purple also, and violet.'

10. Exotic. From a different climate and country.

11. Dancers from Lydia. Lydia was a country in western Asia Minor. Its women were famed for beauty, and many of them were brought to Rome as slaves and dancing-girls. **Pantomimes from Alexandria.** A pantomime was a show in which the chief element was mimicry. The Roman pantomime actors were masked, and relied upon gesture and contortion for effect. Alexandria, in Egypt, was famed for its troop of these actors.

17. Stomachers. Brooches or plaques, sometimes large enough to cover the chest. Notice the extreme gorgeousness of the dress described here.

21. Nard of Assyria. A precious ointment, in the making of which the grass called *nard* was used.

22. Papyrus of Egypt. The pith of the Egyptian plant papyrus was used by the Romans for writing-paper.

23. Bronze of Ægina. One of the smaller Greek islands, renowned for its mines. **Pearls from Britain.** These were found in fresh-water mussels, and are mentioned by Roman historians. Julius Cæsar ordered a breastplate made of them, which he dedicated to Venus.

24. Cloth of gold from Phrygia. Phrygia was an ancient

country in central Asia Minor, famed for marble and richly woven fabrics. **Fine webs of Cos.** Cos was an island in the Ægean Sea. Among its other products, it boasted of a fine transparent silk cloth.

25. Lion-skins from Getulia. See note to page 3, line 22.

26. Wool of Miletus. Miletus was once a city on the western coast of Asia Minor. **Plaids of Gaul.** Already in Roman times, the city of Lyons, in France (Gaul), was renowned for its cloth.

30. Cassia. A spice made from an aromatic bark resembling cinnamon. **Shrouds of asbestos.** When the Romans cremated the bodies of their dead, they placed them in asbestos sheets, to preserve the ashes.

PAGE 11, LINE 6. **Corinthian brass.** Brass from Corinth, a city in the Peloponnesus, on the gulf of Corinth.

8. Babylon. The city of Babylon was captured by the Persian king, Cyrus, in B.C. 539. The account generally accepted states that while the Babylonians were sleeping, the Persians drained the water from the moat around the city, made an entrance under the walls, and captured the city without striking a blow. The importance of Babylon in very ancient times was almost as great as that of Rome during a later era.

12. Snow from the Atlas. The Atlas Mountains are a range in extreme northern Africa. The ancients frequently used snow where we should employ ice.

PAGE 12, LINE 12. **Wattled.** A manner of braiding, done with flexible branches of trees. **Interstices.** The open spaces left by the wattled branches.

PAGE 13, LINE 17. **Spermaceti.** A yellowish substance made from sperm-oil. The reference here is to candles or boxes of ointment placed in tombs.

18. Malefactors. Evil-doers who had met death by crucifixion.

PAGE 14, LINE 16. **Great Cham.** The Biblical ancestor of the Africans. Possibly also Jenghis Khan, a famous Tartar monarch.

19. Sacristan. A character of minor importance in the story, who denies his Christianity.

PAGE 16, LINE 13. **A rod.** A magical rod.

PAGE 17, LINE 17. **The Furies.** The avenging spirits, who pursue transgressors of the laws of hospitality and filial reverence.

23. **She and the old priest.** Gurta means that Callista and Cyprianus will die together for being Christians.

PAGE 18, LINE 4. **Cyprianus.** St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, who is called Cæcilius in the present story.

7. **Erebus.** A gloomy place through which, according to the Roman poets, the spirits of the dead passed on their way to Hades.

PAGE 19, LINE 6. **Moeing.** An older spelling of 'mowing,' which means, making faces.

PAGE 20, LINE 11. **Sedative.** The shock calmed his strange fever.

14. **The power within him.** Juba is possessed by an evil spirit.

PAGE 21, LINE 17. **Preternatural.** Over and above what is natural on earth. 'Preternatural' powers belong, for instance, to pure spirits. 'Supernatural' strength is the property of God.

18. **Vinous or gaseous intoxication.** As if he were under the influence of wine or drugged fumes.

27. **Giant in Eastern fable.** The giants in the *Arabian Nights* are able to walk about with extraordinary freedom.

PAGE 22, LINE 10. **Masses of oleander.** A beautiful ever-green shrub which bears red or white flowers. In the United States we generally call it the rhododendron.

16. **Pomegranate.** An Asiatic fruit, something like an orange.

18. **Spontaneous.** Natural, growing there of its own accord.

21. **Solemn ilex.** A variety of oak.

22. **Granges.** Farms. A 'villa' was more properly a country residence.

27. **Acacia.** A tree productive of a valuable gum.

28. **Carooba.** An African tree which produces a bean suitable for food.

29. **Phœnician juniper.** Here most probably the leafless shrub referred to in the Bible as having been introduced into Asia Minor by the Phœnicians.

PAGE 23, LINE 2. **Satan looking in upon Paradise.** Compare Milton, "Paradise Lost," Book IV:

" Sometimes toward Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grievèd look he fixes sad."

3. **Locust-smitten track.** Previously in the story, the country round about Sicca had been ravaged by a plague of locusts.

26. **The boors.** The peasants, or poor farmers, of the neighborhood.

32. **Oblivion.** Here: being able to forget.

PAGE 24, LINE 3. **Concomitant prostration of strength.** The meaning is: although Juba was very tired, his strength did not decrease in the least. An evil spirit was raging within him.

11. **Orgies of Bacchus.** Sensual festivities held in honor of Bacchus, the wine-god.

16. **Pan.** The deity of the forest, and of wild, natural things generally.

PAGE 25, LINE 8. **Effectual will.** Power to act as he wanted to, independently of external forces.

PAGE 26, LINE 4. **Robur.** Roman prisons were divided into two parts: an upper cell and a lower dungeon. The upper part was called the *robur*, while the dungeon was termed the *barathrum*.

14. **Commentariensis.** The keeper of the prison.

17. **Calphurnius.** The Roman tribune at Sicca. This town is described by Newman as 'the seat of a Roman colony,' in a territory 'of which Carthage was the metropolis and Sicca might be considered the centre.' In the story, Calphurnius decides to make believe Callista is to be killed, and then secretly release her.

19. **Apparitors.** The executioners, or officials, who carried out the sentence.

20. **Orcus.** Hades: the lower world.

PAGE 27, LINE 31. **Maize.** Corn.

32. **Execration.** Denunciatory cursing.

PAGE 29, LINE 22. **Cornicularius.** A soldier commanding a small body of troops; an adjutant.

23. Stationarii. Soldiers stationed at a post or in garrison.

PAGE 30, LINE 1. **Proconsul.** An officer who had consular power over a specified district outside the city of Rome.

UNIVERSITY TEACHING

These pages are selected, with headings supplied by the editor, from the *Idea of a University*, which is the title Newman finally gave to the lectures he delivered at Dublin University. Having undertaken the task earnestly, with the feeling that it was to bear important fruit, he studied the problem of higher education thoroughly for himself, and then tried hard to make his conclusions acceptable to the audience. It should always be borne in mind that throughout the *Idea of a University* Newman was *speaking*, — trying to persuade a crowd. The selections offered here will seem most effective and pleasing when they are read aloud and read well.

In the matter of style Newman was probably never so ornate as when in Dublin. Something of the Irish richness of speech seems to have attached itself to him. But clear thinking is the supreme ornament of these pages: shrewd, relentlessly true observation and argument, which the world has admired ever since, and which the wisest educators in our time have accepted for a guide. People who are out of sympathy with Newman's religious position generally consider the *Idea of a University* his best book.

The first section is introductory. Newman had great faith in the proposed university, because the Pope had sponsored it. The apostle is, of course, St. Peter.

PAGE 31, LINE 8. **An age of refinement.** The age of Imperial Rome, with its numberless luxuries, described by Newman in *Callista*.

11. The sophist. One who leads others astray with plausible words. The Sophists were properly a group of philosophers who boasted of being able to prove either side of a question.

14. The savage hordes. The barbarians of Germany, northern Europe, and Asia, who overran the decaying Roman Empire. Among them were the Huns.

20. Lawless kings. There were many professedly Christian kings who, like Frederick Barbarossa, openly warred on the authority of the Pope. They are called sagacious because they made careful plans and skilfully carried them out.

PAGE 32, LINE 6. **Covetousness.** Desire for wealth.

8. Joseph of Germany. Joseph I (1678-1711) forced the Pope to appoint his brother Charles to the throne of Spain.

9. Napoleon. During his rule as Emperor, Napoleon imprisoned Pope Pius VII.

11. What grey hairs, etc. A paraphrase of a text from Scripture.

23. Apostolic See. Rome as the seat of the Church, and therefore of the Apostles.

27. Celt and Saxon. After the downfall of the Roman Empire, and with the coming of the northern invaders, civilization passed almost utterly from England and Ireland.

PAGE 33, LINE 6. **Vicar of Christ.** The Pope.

7. Asylum. A place of safety.

12. Munificently. With splendid generosity.

16. Nor can I forget either. A brilliant attempt to gain sympathy by referring to the ancient time when England and Ireland had labored hand in hand for Christendom. Newman indulged in absolutely no national prejudice, and was one of the earliest Englishmen to express himself outspokenly for Irish independence.

24. Augustine. St. Augustine, sent out by Pope Gregory the Great, reached England in 597.

29. Tarsus. A city in Asia Minor, and the birthplace of St. Paul.

PAGE 34, LINE 1. **Holy Fathers.** The Fathers of the Church: that long line of saintly writers on the Bible and Faith, who flourished during the early centuries of Christianity.

6. Invocation of St. Peter. The church was dedicated to St. Peter.

7. After the Roman fashion. In the Roman style of architecture.

9. St. Wilfred (died, 709). Archbishop and Confessor.

Feast on October 12. **St. John of Beverley** (died, 721). Archbishop and Confessor. Feast on May 7.

10. St. Bede (673-735). Writer and Confessor. More properly he is addressed as the Venerable Bede. Feast on May 27. He is still remembered for his "Ecclesiastical History of the English People."

16. St. Aidan (died, 651). Bishop and Confessor. Feast on August 31. He was the greatest of the Irish scholars who did so much to civilize the old kingdom of Northumbria.

17. Lindesfarne and Melrose. Two famous ancient English monasteries.

18. St. Cuthbert (died, 687). Bishop and Confessor. Feast on March 20. **St. Eata** (died, 685). Bishop and Confessor. Feast on October 26.

20. Mailduf (died, 673). Confessor and Monk. No feast day. **Malmesbury.** Before the Reformation, Malmesbury was a great Benedictine Abbey, west of London. Now practically no vestiges of it remain.

24. St. Aldhelm (died, 709). Bishop and Confessor. Feast on May 25. He was also a scholar and poet, writing both in Latin and in Anglo-Saxon.

25. St. Egbert (died, 776). Archbishop and Confessor. A friend of the Venerable Bede. Feast on November 19.

26. St. Willibrod (died, 738). Bishop and apostle to Friesland. Feast on November 7. **Frisons.** The people of Friesland, the extreme northwestern section of Germany.

29. Ewalds (died, 695). Two sainted brothers, martyred as missionaries to Westphalia, Germany. Feast on October 3.

PAGE 35, LINE 7. **Alcuin** (725-804). An Old English priest and scholar, the teacher of Charlemagne.

9. Charlemagne (742-814). The founder of the Empire of the West; our modern nationalities began to take form under his organization of western Europe.

14. The famous University. The University of Paris, France, was the most important European seat of learning during the Middle Ages. St. Thomas Aquinas, for instance, taught philosophy there.

The second section is famous for its definition of University

education, now accepted by the great majority of school-men. From a careful reading of these paragraphs we can learn exactly what it is that a University attempts to do for its students.

26. Relatively to the taught. Looking at the problem from the students' point of view.

PAGE 36, LINE 6. **Internal sympathy.** That is, each one is in some respects like the others and needs them to complete itself. Thus, astronomy requires mathematics, which in turn suggests logic, and so on.

14. To supersede. To add to the study of one science an acquaintance with others.

27. Special Philosophy. The term 'Philosophy' properly means the sum of the sciences and has for its object the discovery of how much alike the different forms of human knowledge are, and how each one is related to the Truth. Newman contends that the Sciences and Philosophy are their own reward, being very much worthwhile independently of what social or monetary benefits may be derived from studying them.

PAGE 37, LINE 5. **Compassing.** Grasping, understanding.

11. Paradox. A statement which, though true, is so worded as to seem contradictory of fact or common-sense.

14. Cicero, Marcus Tullius (B.C. 106-43). He is generally considered the greatest of Roman orators. During his later life he wrote a number of thoughtful essays, from one of which, *De Officiis*, this passage is taken.

PAGE 38, LINE 2. **Ulterior objects.** Those more remote goals — practical in character — which we have in mind when seeking an education.

10. Great Orator. Cicero.

14. Reflex or subsequent action of Knowledge. Because it does develop the mind, Knowledge may help the individual to a better understanding and control of the practical world around him.

19. Baconian philosophy. The philosophy which is based on induction, or scientific observation of occurrences, owes its formulation chiefly to Francis Bacon (1561-1626). He taught that we must begin with facts and from close study of them work towards

the discovery of a general law which will aid us to understand nature and control its forces. The influence of Bacon's views has been very great. Almost all modern scientific discovery has been accomplished by the application of his theory. Notice how sincere and ample Newman's tribute to Bacon is.

PAGE 39, LINE 1. It may be objected. Newman states here very fully the main objections which may be brought against his argument. He is always most ready to look at both sides of a question and to state his opponent's position better than it could be put by that opponent himself. In this passage Newman is also suggesting that the educated man cannot hope to get on without religion.

15. Estate. Position in society.

PAGE 40, LINE 3. Athens. As the city of Pericles, and the home of many famous dramatists, orators and philosophers, Athens had a right to be considered the intellectual centre of the ancient world.

16. Seneca, Lucius Anneus. A Roman Stoic philosopher who died A.D. 65.

17. Brutus, Marcus Junius. The reference is to Plutarch's *Life*.

18. Cato, Marcus Portius. The reference is to "Cato," a play by Addison, who may therefore be called a 'Panegyrist' or singer of praises.

27. Prophet. Francis Bacon.

32. "Meanest" of mankind. The reference is to Pope's line, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

PAGE 41, LINE 3. Idols of the den. The allusion is to the well-known Baconian phrasing for ideas commonly accepted by the unthinking — for instance, "Idola Fori," idols of the marketplace.

23. Assuaging. Soothing and healing. The reference is to the miracles of Our Lord.

PAGE 42, LINE 8. Socrates (B.C. 469–399). A renowned Greek thinker, who sought to arrive at truth by asking questions and provoking discussion — a system known as the Socratic method. He died nobly, having been condemned to drink the hemlock for

refusing to compromise with his opinions, but he had bad qualities in plenty.

The third section wisely makes the point that morality is quite a different matter from education.

PAGE 43, LINE 6. **Eulogists.** Those who praise or 'speak well of.'

9. **Casuistry.** The science of ethics, as concerned with establishing the right or wrong of doubtful actions.

14. **Influential motives.** Reasons for being good which stand the test of real life.

18. **Equitable.** Just and fair.

20. **Connatural.** Qualities naturally associated with.

PAGE 44, LINE 1. **Officious in arrogating.** They make a business of boldly claiming things which are really not theirs.

10. **Pretensions.** Claims.

11. **Abstruse.** Hard to understand because not concrete.

PAGE 45, LINE 3. **Ideal perfection.** In every order of things or thoughts, there is an ideal: a perfect example towards which individual beings tend, and by which they are evaluated.

10. **Alexander, the Great.** King of Macedonia and conqueror of Persia. **Scipio, Africanus** (B.C. 237-183). The conqueror of Hannibal. **Saladin** (1137-1193). The famous Sultan of Turkey who opposed the Crusaders.

11. **Magnanimity.** Largeness of mind and heart.

The fourth section carefully distinguishes between the educational purpose of the school and the idea of a University. It should be read carefully, because some of the paragraphs are a little difficult to grasp.

27. **Prima-facie.** An off-hand, or 'first-sight' view.

PAGE 46, LINE 9. **Susceptibility.** Readiness to receive.

19. **Disparagement.** Effort to belittle.

20. **Chronology.** Dates in order, as of the English kings.

23. **Seven years of plenty.** The Old Testament relates that Egypt passed through seven years of plenty, after which in turn there were seven lean years. Owing to the foresight of Joseph, provision was made for the time of need.

31. Accidents, homogeneous or not. An accident is a quality one derives from someone — or something — else. Thus a little girl may have a good habit of saying "Thank you" because she imitates her mother. Homogeneous habits are such as belong together; *i.e.* good manners and good conduct.

PAGE 47, LINE 2. **Assiduity.** Strict attention. We say, "sticking to it," while the Latin word means literally a quality of "sitting down to it."

PAGE 48, LINE 3. **Indispensable condition.** Without knowledge as a foundation, it is absolutely impossible to expand the mind.

15. Moral. Subjects relating to conduct, such as ethics or law, are termed moral. **Metaphysical.** Subjects relating to higher philosophy.

16. Physical. Pertaining to the natural sciences.

21. Multifarious information. Information on a great many different subjects.

PAGE 49, LINE 4. **The enlargement consists,** etc. The mind is enlarged, not by having facts and ideas tossed into it, but by being awakened and strengthened to control what it knows, to think for itself, and to take hold of new material at once. Thus objects become "subjectively our own"; *i.e.* they become the property of our minds, to use as we see fit.

23. Gravitates. The thinking, active mind is the 'mental centre' of our lives: and towards it everything that we know, learn, and accumulate in the way of experience, moves as if by the law of gravity.

26. Aristotle (B.C. 384-322). A renowned Greek thinker, who was the most realistic and possibly the greatest philosopher of his country. His work is the basis of Scholastic philosophy. **St. Thomas Aquinas** (1225?-1274). The most distinguished among Scholastic philosophers, and surnamed the Angelic Doctor. In addition to his work in theology and philosophy, he wrote great hymns like *O Salutaris Hostia* and *Pange Lingua*. **Newton**, Sir Isaac. The English physicist, who stated the law of gravitation. Born in 1642, he died in 1727.

27. Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von. Foremost among German

classic poets, author of *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*. His life extended from 1749 to 1832.

32. Without which, etc. 'Which' refers to 'connected view,' and 'insight.'

PAGE 50, LINE 4. Analytical. The faculty of being able to take a thing or idea apart — to see the essential point. **Dis-tributive.** The faculty of being able to put each thing in its proper place, and to see everything in just proportion.

6. Comprehensive. Gifted with a broad outlook. It is not how much we know that is important, but how well we know.

11. Sensibility. Understanding of.

12. Their. The reference is to 'ideas.'

13. Antiquarians. Those who study ancient things and decide, for instance, to what century newly discovered inscriptions and statues belong. **Annalist.** Historian who merely records what has happened.

30. Phenomena. Anything which happens is a phenomenon; e.g. a clap of thunder.

PAGE 51, LINE 7. Otiose. Inactive.

12. Symmetrical. Unified, consistent.

19. Pompey's Pillar. A large column of red granite, brightly polished, which may be seen at Alexandria, Egypt. It was originally erected to be a landmark to guide ships, and was later inscribed in honor of Diocletian. Error has attributed it to Pompey.

21. Drift. A movement towards some purpose or goal.

The fifth section, which deals with false principles current in University education, is probably the subtlest part of Newman's argument.

PAGE 52, LINE 26. Reconnoitring. Studying the outline of.

PAGE 53, LINE 2. Salmasius, Claudius (1588-1653). A most erudite French scholar. **Burman, Peter (1688-1741).** A Dutch student of languages.

3. Imperat aut servit. 'It will govern or obey.'

6. Vis consili expers. "Unreasoning strength by its own weight must fall." See Horace, *Carmina*, Book III, 4, 65.

8. Tarpeia. In Roman legend, a girl who betrayed the citadel to the Sabines for the promise of ' what they wore on their arms.' She meant their gold bracelets; they, however, interpreted the bargain differently, threw their shields upon her, and killed her.

19. Mosheim and Du Pin. Two very learned but dry-as-dust ecclesiastical historians. Mosheim lived during the seventeenth century. Newman's phrasing here has been quoted very frequently.

22. English Divines. These include John Donne and Jeremy Taylor, who are, however, often distinguished for unction and literary style. Newman himself owed much to the English theologians of the seventeenth century, and particularly to Bishop Butler.

23. Repertories. Treasuries; storehouses.

31. Volition. The action of the will; decision.

PAGE 54, LINE 1. **Derangement.** Loss of control over the order in which ideas come into the mind is one of the most common forms of insanity. The mind, having begun to act, is sent pell-mell from one thought to another, without being able to break off the movement or to start a new one.

13. The succession of impulses. A person who is the victim of a one-sided training of the memory, once something has caused him to begin talking, goes on from one reminiscence to the other without realizing how incoherent and pointless his conversation is, or how absurd it may sound to those listening.

24. Random intrusions. Things coming helter-skelter into the mind from the storehouse of memory. **Morbid.** Unnatural; deranged.

PAGE 55, LINE 17. **Duodecimos.** The meaning here is, volumes of some size.

18. Membership with scientific institutions. Membership in such organizations as the Royal Geographical Society is sometimes sought by, and granted to, those whose knowledge of the subject is small indeed.

PAGE 56, LINE 15. **Cheap publication.** The movement to popularize education among the masses, by scientific lectures to working-men, pamphleteering, etc. was at its height when

Newman spoke. He himself was, of course, always somewhat academic and aloof from the crowd.

PAGE 58, LINE 1. Residence and tutorial superintendence. Here Newman is referring to the system of education in vogue at Oxford, where students live in common residence halls and are under the supervision of tutors.

25. Ideal systems. Imaginary systems.

PAGE 59, LINE 10. Catholics. Principally Irishmen, in this passage.

12. When a multitude of young men. Similar opinions have been expressed since Newman's time by men familiar with education. Among them is Stephen Leacock.

25. First elements of knowledge. Acquaintance with time and space.

PAGE 60, LINE 1. Eliminate. Discard, get rid of.

The sixth section discusses the relationship between religion and education.

9. Operative principle. A working force.

19. Concurrence and coalition with grace. A going hand in hand (with grace) towards the same destination.

PAGE 61, LINE 16. Specifically. Essentially.

31. Cognizance. Heed.

PAGE 62, LINE 5. Economy of Redemption. The plan of God as revealed in the redemption of man by the Saviour.

12. Pastoral instruction. The instruction given by religious authorities in matters of faith and morals.

14. Subservient. In the service of; helpful to.

The tone of the seventh section is prevailingly ironical. While Newman gives the gentleman credit for what he is, still the following shrewd paragraphs do not fail to suggest that with the aid of religion this same 'gentleman' might be something different and better.

PAGE 63, LINE 22. Allusions. References to persons or things.

28. Scrupulous in imputing motives. He hesitates to accuse anyone of bad intentions.

PAGE 64, LINE 3. **Insinuates evil.** Hints, without openly declaring, that there is something wrong in a certain action or attitude.

PAGE 65, LINE 24. **Deductions.** Conclusions which he has arrived at by taking someone else's opinions for granted, and then reasoning out the consequences.

The remaining sections discuss the place of literature in University teaching, and the nature of literature itself.

PAGE 66, LINE 12. **The throng**, etc. Note the swift piling-up of judiciously chosen synonyms, each with its fine shade of suggestion, though the whole passage conveys an impression of off-hand speaking.

14. Abstractions. Thinking in general terms. Thus, when we reflect on the faithfulness of all dogs, we reason abstractly. If we think of one particular dog only, we are more likely to be thinking concretely. **Juxtapositions.** Juxtaposition here means associating one idea with another; for instance, we may be led to think of ghosts by passing a graveyard. **Comparisons.** Setting one thing side by side with another and judging.

15. Discriminations. Finding the difference between two things or ideas is to discriminate. **Conceptions.** A new idea, or at least a general idea, about something is a conception. Thus we may form a conception of the value of education from what we hear said about it, or from experience.

18. Sagacity. Cleverness, or brilliancy, of mind.

PAGE 67, LINE 19. **Canons.** Laws.

PAGE 68, LINE 4. **Cut their pens.** In the days when quill pens were in use, the teacher sharpened them for his pupils.

19. Position of Catholics. A series of addresses in which Newman outlined the condition of Catholics in the England of his time and made a plea for religious toleration.

24. Linguist. One who studies languages.

PAGE 69, LINE 16. **Homer.** The author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. **Pindar** (B.C. 522-442). The greatest of the Greek ode-writers. He wrote to sing the praises of the victor in the Olympic festivals.

17. Dryden, John (1631-1700). An English poet and playwright. **Scott, Sir Walter** (1771-1832). The famous author of the *Waverley* novels.

24. Ode. An ornate poem; one of the classic types of verse. **Elegy.** A poem of lament, also a standard verse form.

29. Facit indignatio versus. 'Indignation makes the verses' — that is, they are the immediate product of this emotion, and similarly of other emotions.

32. Poeta nascitur, non fit. 'The poet is born, not made.'

PAGE 70, LINE 6. Vision of Mirza. Mirza is a character in one of Addison's "Spectator" essays, who has a wonderful vision of time and eternity, and the bridge between them.

14. Felicitousness. Appropriateness.

18. Aristotle. The reference is to the *Ethics*, where Aristotle sets forth his ideal of conduct under the title of the Magnanimous Man, or the Man who combines in himself all good qualities in due proportion. This served Spenser for a model when he wrote the *Faerie Queene*.

20. Elocution. Here the meaning is close to that of the original Latin: a way of speaking.

24. Germinates. Branches out.

26. Diapason. The entire range of musical tones. *Kbdēi γαλῶν.* 'Exulting in his glory.'

28. Verbiage. Mere words.

PAGE 71, LINE 4. Designation of your Faculty. The name of your College: *i.e.* the College of Letters.

11. Literature, then. Observe the definition, which is unusually comprehensive.

18. *Copia verborum.* 'An abundance of words.' Merely an abundant and redundant vocabulary.

30. Elaborate. Make elaborate, or rich. Compare page 2, line 8.

31. Improvisations. Things thought up on the spur of the moment.

PAGE 72, LINE 7. *Nil molitur inepte.* 'He turns out nothing slipshod.' Horace, *Ars Poetica*, I. 400.

8. **Distincte, splendide, apte.** 'With distinction, splendor, and fitness.'

11. *Quo fit*, etc. "Whence all the old man's life is known
As if 'twere in a picture shown."

Horace, *Sermones*, II, I, 32. The author speaks so clearly and honestly that he reveals what is in his mind and heart openly to all.

29. **Tesselated.** Laid down in checkered squares.

PAGE 73, LINE 2. **Virgil.** Publius Virgilius Maro (B.C. 70-19). Author of the *Æneid*, the greatest Roman epic. The most satisfactory English translation seems to be that by John Dryden. Notice the comparison with Shakespeare. Newman was very fond of Latin literature, and probably derived much of his own clarity of expression from the study of Roman writers.

7. **Ecumenical.** General, or universal.

PAGE 74, LINE 24. **Milton**, John (1607-1674). Author of "Paradise Lost," and greatest of the English Puritan writers. It is to the Puritan spirit in his life and work that we may rightly object. Milton glorifies Satan in his poem. **Gibbon**, Edward (1737-1794). English historian, author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Gibbon was bitterly anti-Christian, though he had been for a time a Catholic.

PAGE 75, LINE 1. **Expurgate what needs to be exorcised.** To cast away what needs to be cleansed. Exorcism is the religious rite used in casting out evil spirits.

13. **Amorphous.** Without form.

23. **Ecclesiastical indexes.** The reference is to the Index of Prohibited Books, as issued by the Catholic Church. An emendation is an edition of a book with the objectionable portions left out or changed.

32. **Plato** (B.C. 429-347). Greek philosopher, author of the *Dialogues*, which have been finely translated into English by Jowett.

PAGE 76, LINE 16. **Heterogeneous.** Of different kinds.

17. **Burns**, Robert (1759-1796). The most famous of the Scottish poets. **Bunyan**, John (1628-1688). Author of "Pil-

grim's Progress." **Defoe**, Daniel (1661-1731). Author of "Robinson Crusoe." **Johnson**, Samuel (1709-1784). Compiler of the first English dictionary, and the man about whom Boswell wrote the most interesting of biographies. **Goldsmith**, Oliver (1728-1774). Author of "The Deserted Village."

18. Cowper, William (1731-1790). English poet; author of "The Task." **Law**, William (1686-1761). An English religious writer. **Fielding**, Henry (1707-1754). English novelist; author of "Tom Jones." **Byron**, George Gordon, Lord (1788-1824). English poet; author of "Don Juan."

24. The interpreter of a crisis. One who explains the meaning of a critical time in a nation's life.

25. Hooker, Richard (1554-1600). An English religious writer, author of "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity."

27. Clarendon, Edward, Earl of (1609-1664). An English historian who was also Lord Chancellor.

28. Hobbes, Thomas (1588-1679). An English philosopher.

29. Addison, Joseph (1672-1719). English poet and essayist, who is famous for the "Spectator" — and for his friend, Richard Steele.

PAGE 77, LINE 7. **Exigencies.** The peculiar demands of the time.

10. Delineated. Pictured.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST THE MEASURE OF THE WORLD

PAGE 78. This is one of the many sermons which Newman collected and published under the general title, *Parochial and Plain Sermons*. Note the absolute simplicity of the style and the dominance of Anglo-Saxon words. The quotations are all Scriptural.

16. Visible state of things. The world as we see it about us.

PAGE 79, LINE 11. **They wish to think by rule.** They wish to get an idea of what is really good, so that they may judge rightly of what goes on in the world about them.

16. Revelation. The Scriptures and Tradition, which are

the channels through which God has told man the truths of the spiritual life.

PAGE 80, LINE 22. **Transitory objects.** Things which seem important for a while and then become insignificant.

PAGE 81, LINE 9. **This season.** The season of Lent.

PAGE 82, LINE 14. **The Preacher.** Solomon, who wrote the Book of Proverbs.

PAGE 83, LINE 1. **Like St. Peter.** When Christ predicted His passion, St. Peter protested with the words Newman quotes.

10. **In the words of Scripture.** A phrase from St. Paul.

PAGE 84, LINE 29. **The Psalmist.** David, author of the Psalms.

THE SECOND SPRING

PAGE 86. This sermon was preached in St. Mary's, Oscott, on July 13, 1852, at the occasion of the Synod of the English Hierarchy, called together by Cardinal Wiseman. Those present were very much moved, and Bishop Ullathorne stated in a letter written almost immediately afterward: "Dr. Newman preached one of his best sermons, and had the bishops and divines — most of them — weeping, for half an hour."

It is, perhaps, Newman's most lyrical utterance as a preacher, and has been called a 'pæan of victory.' Innumerable readers have been captivated by its fervor, and Lord Macaulay is said to have known it by heart. Compare the intensity and fulness of the style with the simplicity of the Plain Sermon just preceding. Many parts of the *Second Spring* may be likened to music: there are allegro and penseroso movements, as demanded by the thought, and a constant variation of rhythm. Anyone seeking a model of artistry in prose need go no farther.

The plan is simple: first, we are made to see that whereas Nature is constantly renewed in spring, Man is not. He himself ages once and for all, and so does his work. But England has witnessed a miracle: the coming of the Second Spring of Catholic faith, which makes it necessary that the laborer — that is, the apostle — be found in the field.

PAGE 87. *Canticle of Canticles.* The most poetic book of the Old Testament.

LINE 2. Perpetual renovation. The earth constantly restores its lost bloom by the change of seasons. Every part of it fades and shifts, but still it remains the same.

5. Law of permanence. Nature is, generally speaking, always the same.

7. Dissolution. In nature, there is no loss of life. When a thing is broken up into its chemical elements, these combine again to form something else.

14. Seraphim. The angels who stand before the throne of God, intoning praises.

PAGE 88, LINE 9. Moral world. The world of the human spirit in action.

18. Moralists and poets. Notice, among many, Shelley, who based his own elegy for Keats — “Adonais” — upon the Greek poet Moschus’ lament for Bion; Vergil, whose *mentem mortalia tangunt* (dead things touch the heart) is probably the most famous single phrase to express the sentiment of sad human instability; and Doctor Johnson, who handles the theme in “Rasselas.” **Descant.** To discuss reflectively; to discourse fully and at large.

29. Manifestations of his complex being. Man is complex because he has both a body and a soul; and the works of either fade and perish without hope of renewal.

PAGE 89, LINE 25. Decrepitude. Infirmary.

PAGE 90, LINE 13. Misanthropy. Mistrust and hatred of other men.

23. Roman conqueror. Marius, who bewailed the fall of Carthage.

24. Augury. Prophecy.

PAGE 91, LINE 14. St. Michael’s day, 1850. The appointment of the Anglican Bishop Gorham by the English government caused many clergymen of the Church of England to come over to Rome. In 1850 the feeling was at its height.

21. Alleviation. Lessening.

24. Constituency. The bulk of the citizens making up a country. **Aggregate of religious societies.** All the creeds.

29. Ubiquitous. To be found everywhere.

PAGE 92, LINE 2. **Burden of so vast an effect.** What event has brought with it such large and far-reaching consequences?

3. Phenomenon. Occurrence.

4. Portentous. A great event, which meant something to the world at large.

7. Political order. The state of affairs in human society.

9. Retrogression. A going backward.

17. The past has returned. Note the swift, *staccato* movement of the sentences which follow. They manage to convey the ecstasy of joy and surprise.

20. Babylon was great. This is a list of cities whose greatness and downfall are narrated by the Bible. It is good form for the preacher to confine himself as much as possible to Biblical allusions.

30. Sees. Bishoprics.

32. Energized. Carried on its task.

PAGE 93, LINE 5. **Canterbury.** Here follows a list of the bishoprics which had flourished in England before the Reformation, with the Saints who had lent distinction to each. In almost every instance, these Saints were also Bishops. The effect of the passage is to call to mind the splendor and power of the ancient Church.

18. Prerogatives. Privileges and honors.

29. Vivifying. Life-giving.

PAGE 95, LINE 7. **Detritus.** The fine deposit cast upon the land by streams of water, as the result of erosion. Observe how forcibly Newman develops the contrast between the days of the Church's glory, and those of her poverty.

24. Moravian chapel. A place of worship used by the Moravians is always termed a chapel. Moravians — a small group, in England — are more strictly called "United Brethren" and owe their origin as a religious sect to John Huss, of Bohemia. **Quaker's meeting-house.** The Quakers, or "Society of Friends," term their place of worship "meeting-house." The

sect was founded by George Fox, an Englishman, during the seventeenth century.

PAGE 96, LINE 3. **Recondite.** Known only to a few.

11. *Gens lucifuga.* 'A people fleeing from the light.'

30. **St. Thomas**, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was assassinated in 1170 for opposing the decree of Henry II that the civil courts be given jurisdiction over cases tried by ecclesiastical courts. For the story, see Hilaire Belloc, "Europe and the Faith," pages xv to xxii. St. Thomas' shrine was the scene of the pilgrimage celebrated in literature by Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

PAGE 97, LINE 14. **Arian Goths and Lombards.** Two semi-barbarian peoples who were led, during the Middle Ages, to embrace the heresy of Arius.

25. **Preposterous.** Absurd.

27. **One of your own order.** John Milner, D.D. (1752-1826), vicar apostolic and titular bishop of Castabala. He was a valiant leader among the old Catholics, *i.e.* the Catholics who had kept their faith since the Reformation. Introducing him into the discussion gives Newman an opportunity to describe what has taken place at Oscott as if he were viewing it through another man's eyes. To have done otherwise would have been difficult and in doubtful taste for a convert.

PAGE 98, LINE 29. **Ancient style of art.** The Gothic, a style in which most of the great cathedrals of England and France were built during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

PAGE 99, LINE 2. **Augustine greeted Ethelbert.** When Saint Augustine, who had been sent to England by Pope Gregory the Great, reached the country of his labors, he was greeted by the Saxon king, Ethelbert.

8. **Twelve mitred heads.** When Newman spoke, the English Catholic hierarchy had grown to the number of twelve prelates of episcopal rank.

9. **A Prince of the Church.** Cardinal Wiseman, author of "Fabiola," a novel, like *Callista*, dealing with early Christianity and the Roman empire.

14. Saint Benedict (480-543). Founder of the Benedictine Order, to the reëstablishment of which in England reference is here made. The same thing was true of Saint Dominic and the Dominican Order, commonly known as "Blackfriars"; of Saint Ignatius and the Jesuits; but not of Saint Bernard and the Cistercians, though these have since regained an entry into England.

PAGE 100, LINE 15. **Arise, Jerusalem**, etc. The quotations are Scriptural, and are addressed to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

28. Visitation. The allusion is to the visit paid by Mary to St. Elizabeth, before the birth of Jesus.

PAGE 101, LINE 3. *O stella matutina.* 'O Morning Star.' One of the titles of the Blessed Virgin.

15. Westminster and Nottingham. Here follows a list of the modern Catholic bishoprics in England.

PAGE 102, LINE 16. **Fetid.** Damp and mouldy. This whole passage refers to the sufferings of those who died as Catholic martyrs under Henry VIII and Elizabeth.

32. Thy body mystical. The Church, which is termed the mystical body — the Bride — of Christ by St. Paul.

PAGE 103, LINE 19. **Extenuation.** Excuse.

20. English College. The Catholic theological college in Rome, at which missionaries for England were trained during the years following the Reformation.

25. Salvete, flores martyrum. 'Hail, blossoms of the martyrs.' The first line of a hymn for the Feast of the Holy Innocents.

32. Penance. By using the discipline, or scourge.

PAGE 104, LINE 1. **St. Francis Xavier.** He sponsored the mission to the Indies which resulted in the conversion of countless thousands.

18. St. Philip Neri. A lovable and remarkable Italian saint, who founded the Congregation of the Oratory. Since this was the rule which Newman adopted for himself and those associated with him, he speaks of St. Philip with both modesty and affection,

SHORTER PIECES

1

PAGE 105. The portraits from *Loss and Gain* are two among many that might be selected from this novel in which Newman tells, under a veil, the story of his conversion. Perhaps none of his other books is written in so happy a vein. There is keen observation, gentle irony, and much pointedness of style, even if the adventures of the hero, Charles Reding, are not so very thrilling.

LINE 1. **Forbidden High Street.** The scene is Oxford.

4. **Bachelor of Nun's Hall.** A man who has received the first college degree, and is in residence as an aspirant to higher degrees, is called a bachelor by Oxonians.

5. **A bore.** The passage is written with Horace's famous satire on a bore in mind.

16. *Tenet occiditque.* 'He hangs on and does his worst.' (Literally, 'He holds and kills.')

PAGE 106, LINE 11. **Don.** A term familiarly applied to the Oxford tutor or professor.

20. **Valetudinarian.** One interested in the upkeep of his health.

25. **Bonhomie.** Good nature.

30. **Evangelical spirituality.** A manner of being strictly devout, in the Evangelical style.

PAGE 107, LINE 2. **Common-room.** At Oxford, the room to which all members of the staff have access, and which is virtually their Club.

4. **Confession.** A ceremony consisting of a general public acknowledgment of sinfulness.

2

The selection is from *Difficulties of Anglicans*, a series of lectures in which Newman pointed out the inconsistencies of the Anglican attitude towards Catholics. It should be remembered that hearing the confession of prisoners was frowned upon by the law. Observe the sharpness of the argument, and the hidden plea which is made for the Sacrament of Penance.

14. Oligarchical monopoly. An oligarchy is a government exercised by a privileged class. Newman's reference here is to the possession of riches, pleasure and leisure by a mere few.

24. Catholic. The word means here, 'universal,' 'cosmopolitan.' The views of British society are insular — those of an island — in so far as the subject under discussion is concerned.

PAGE 108, LINE 4. **Dead men's sepulchres.** Our Lord called the Pharisees "whitened sepulchres."

9. Lazarus. In the Gospel parable, Lazarus is the poor man who sits at Dives' gate. Later on, he goes to Heaven, while Dives is cast into Hell.

PAGE 109, LINE 2. **Peremptory.** Absolute in its demands.

20. Obduracy. A hard-hearted, unyielding attitude of mind.

3

The selection is from the *Idea of a University*, though the subject, very dear to the heart of Newman after he had become a Catholic priest, was treated at greater length in a sermon. Note that some of the distinguishing characteristics of the Saint, as given here, might very well be accepted for those of Newman himself.

PAGE 110, LINE 5. **Summer sun of civilization.** The period of the Renaissance. Greek literature had just been discovered in its entirety, and the splendor of the pagan world, as manifested to the learned reader, blinded and corrupted many people. St. Philip's great service was to guide the stream of knowledge back to Christ instead of trying to stem it altogether.

22. Jerome Savonarola (1452-1498). A Dominican friar of Florence who preached a violent and successful crusade against immorality. Later on, charges of heresy were brought against him, and he was executed by the power of the state. The details of his life and work are still very much matters of dispute. One of the latest references to him is that made in Papini's "Life of Christ," at the close of the introduction.

24. St. Charles Borromeo (died, 1584). Cardinal and famous theologian of Milan. Feast on November 4.

28. St. Francis Xavier (died, 1552). The famous companion of St. Ignatius, who founded the Society of Jesus, and apostle to the Indies. Feast on December 3.

PAGE 111, LINE 7. **Catechetical schools.** Schools where instruction in religion is given.

9. David. David, refusing to put on armor, slew Goliath with a stone hurled from a sling.

24. San Girolamo. The rectory of the church of San Girolamo (St. Jerome) in Rome, where St. Philip lived many years.

PAGE 112, LINE 1. **Haircloth.** A hairy fabric worn next to the skin for the sake of penance.

4. Bacci. The standard life of St. Philip is that by Father Bacci. This has been translated into English by Father Faber.

24. The first families. Here follows a distinguished list of the most prominent Roman families, many of whom can trace their ancestry to the time of the Cæsars.

31. Verona and Bologna. Two ancient Italian cities.

PAGE 113, LINE 2. **Baronius.** He, like Zazzara and Ricci, joined the Congregation of the Oratory. Baronius is the author of a monumental "History of the Church."

5. Palestrina, Giovanni da. A famous writer of church-music, who died in 1594.

6. Animuccia. An Italian composer of sacred music, who directed the choir of St. Peter's until his death in 1594.

4

The letter from which this passage is taken is dated March 2, 1868, and was written in answer to an inquiry made by a Professor at Maynooth, the famous Catholic seminary of Ireland. It was first published in the *Sower*, an English educational magazine, during 1924, and owes its appearance to Canon Murphy, of Kingstown, Ireland.

5

This passage forms part of the closing words of a sermon. Notice how they develop the sentence from St. Paul: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."

5

PAGE 115. This prayer has become extraordinarily popular, and was, for instance, a favorite with Theodore Roosevelt. It affords a good example for studying, in brief form, the rhythmical qualities of Newman's style. If the phrasal units are printed as separate lines, their variety becomes apparent :

May He support us
all the day long,
till the shades lengthen,
and the evening comes,
and the busy world is hushed,
and the fever of life is over,
and our work is done !
Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging,
and a holy rest,
and peace at the last !

THE PILLAR AND THE CLOUD

PAGE 116. "The Pillar and the Cloud" is the title Newman gave to this best-known among his lyrics. It was written on the return voyage from Italy, under circumstances which Newman describes in the *Apologia*: "I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel, I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. . . . At last I got off on an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, *Lead, Kindly Light*, which have since become well known."

The Pillar and the Cloud. When Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, the Lord gave them guidance in the form of a pillar and a cloud. The passage from Exodus (Douay Version) reads: "And the Lord went before them to shew the way by day in a pillar of a cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire: that he might be the guide of their journey at both times."

LINE 12. **Garish.** Harsh and glaring.

17. **Angel faces.** The meaning of this phrase has never been fully cleared up. It may refer to the Guardian Angel, of whose

presence Newman may not have been so fully conscious as usual during his time of doubt and struggle.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

PAGE 117. *The Dream of Gerontius*, upon which Cardinal Newman's reputation as a poet must ultimately rest, was published for the first time in *The Month*, a London monthly magazine, during 1865. R. H. Hutton thus describes the poem and its authorship: "Shortly after the controversy with Canon Kingsley, Newman had written a poem of which he himself thought so little that it was, as I have heard, consigned or doomed to the waste-basket. . . . Some friend who had an eye for true poetry rescued it, and was the means, therefore, of preserving to the world one of the most unique and original poems of the present century, as well as that one of all of them which is, in every sense, the least in sympathy with the temper of the present century. . . . To my mind, *The Dream of Gerontius* is the poem of a man to whom the vision of the Christian revelation has at all times been more real, more potent to influence action, and more powerful to preoccupy the imagination than all worldly interests put together."

And indeed Newman threw a great deal of energy into the composition of this masterpiece. The earnestness of mood, the fine, classic form which bends to meet every change in thought and feeling, are noticeable everywhere. Then, too, the manuscript of the poem, a facsimile edition of which was published by Longmans, Green and Company, shows almost numberless corrections, improvements, and additions.

The circumstances of Newman's career had, however, developed in him the impression that only controversial work was really important. All other forms of writing he considered 'trifles' and it is difficult to judge how great his success might have been had he devoted himself earnestly to the writing of verse or fiction. In the present instance, Newman's great fondness for music gained a reward, because *The Dream of Gerontius* shows everywhere a perfect sense of rhythm and has the character of song.

He seems to have suggested that the poem be set to music. That has actually been done by Sir Edward Elgar, a famous British composer, whose oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," was first performed in 1903, winning instant recognition. "Gerontius," declared Mr. Theodore Thomas, the renowned American musician, "is a lofty work and from a technical point of view more masterly than Brahms." Naturally many portions of the poem, especially the songs, may be effectively set to melodies much simpler than those invented by Sir Edward Elgar.

The poem is very deeply and seriously religious, combining the glow of Newman's meditative personality with a universal theme. The soul — death — judgment — after-life: these are things which concern every man who thinks. They have inspired some of the greatest Christian poems. That *Dies Ira* which critics everywhere have lauded as perhaps the most poignant of all lyrics, and to which crowds have listened during many centuries with piety and fear, must also have touched the heart of Newman. Then, too, the beautiful reflection and petition of the Mass for the Dead and the Prayers for the Dying, so comforting and austere in the sonorous Latin, evidently had their influence.

At the time of writing, Newman felt old. Much of his vigor seemed to have left him; old friends had gone to their reward; he was living in obscurity. What could have been more natural, then, for a man of his temperament than an attempt to search out the things to be, when sin would have to suffer the cleansing, with God's mercy for the arbiter? Similarly Dante in exile wrote out his visions of Purgatory and Paradise. *The Dream of Gerontius* — the dream of an *old*, or *dying*, man — is so beautiful because it came utterly and sincerely out of Newman's experience.

Everything in this poem conforms fully with traditional Catholic teaching, excepting that greater stress than usual is laid upon the Guardian Angel. It is this angel who accompanies the soul on every step of the journey and speaks the final comforting words. His presence is felt throughout the poem as something sweet, powerful, and beneficent. All this is eminently natural to Newman. During life he had been constantly aware of guidance, of the watchfulness of God. And the Catholic

teaching that every one of us is attended by an angel appealed to him as strikingly true and beautiful, especially when the thought of death had become supremely real.

Death: the poem makes that impressive, but still not oppressive. It is a Christian who parts from the world. There is a moment of dread and agony, tided over by prayer and friendship. Then gradually the body loosens its grip on the soul, which then departs into eternity. Angels and Demons gather. The songs of a new world, in which the laws are those of the spirit, echo round the newcomer. Judgment takes place in an instant; and then Gerontius passes to Purgatory for a brief space — to the penal waters visioned by the poet in one of his loftiest metaphors.

The metre of the poem is classic and simple. Blank verse alternates with rimed stanzas exquisitely adapted to the expression of their particular lyric content. More artifice would have ruined the earnestness of the poem; less variety might have made it dull or monotonous. Good taste is never missing. And if the Songs of the Angelicals remind us of the choral odes in Sophocles, the passages which give renditions of Catholic liturgy seem scarcely less admirable than the originals themselves. There is also a *forward* movement of fervor, very noticeable to any one who will read the poem as it should be read. The melody deepens and yet keeps the steadfastness of its glow. Perhaps the finest single portion is the speech of the Soul, beginning,

“ Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.”

The Dream of Gerontius has been a poem of beauty and importance to very many people. Everyone is familiar with the story of General Charles George Gordon, “Chinese Gordon,” the intrepid English commander who died heroically in the fall of Khartum. Gordon had read deeply into *The Dream of Gerontius* just before his death. The copy which he passed on to a friend is treasured now as a sacred memento, and bears heavy marks in pencil where the General had underscored impressive lines.

Dr. William Barry, in his "Newman," makes an apt literary comparison: "We shall best interpret its meaning, if we liken it, not to Milton, whose supernatural worlds are his peculiar device founded upon heathen rather than Christian tradition; nor to Dante, who mingles history and landscape from his time and travels in the solemn sweet *Purgatorio* which remains his masterpiece; but to Calderón's *Autos Sacramentales*, at once an allegory and an act of faith." The Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., writes as follows: "That poem in which, as in no other save (dare we say?) the Apocalypse, the walls of time and space flicker and grow thin before the fierce pressure of Eternity — *The Dream of Gerontius* — has been the 'preparation for death' of peasant and soldier and prince; for many years in its spirit Newman himself had lived; in it, perhaps, is enshrined, under fewest veils, his secret."

The original edition was dedicated to "Fratrī Desideratissimo Joanni Joseph Gordon," — My Most Beloved Brother John Joseph Gordon, — a priest of the Oratory.

PAGE 117, LINE 1. Observe the use of rime in Gerontius' utterances while still alive. After death he speaks in blank verse, as if he were adopting the greater freedom of the world beyond.

5. Gerontius makes responses to the Litany for the Dying, which is customarily recited at Catholic deathbeds, as those about him whisper it. In line 29, the assistants are represented as beginning this Litany, which Newman of course wisely abbreviates here. The parentheses enclose interjections entirely separate, thus showing that Gerontius' prayer is only half-conscious.

11, 12. 'Each constituent and natural force.' Gerontius feels that all the energies of his bodily and spiritual nature, which have belonged together and made him a man, are suddenly ebbing away, as water is drained from a vessel.

19. 'No more a substance.' As if there were no longer anything solid and real in him, and as if nothing remained to serve as his support.

23. 'The universal frame.' The world of time and space, in which we live, and out of which we can hardly imagine ourselves being.

PAGE 118, LINE 3. 'O horror!' The first speech of Geron-tius is the only part of the poem in which the mood of physical terror is strongly expressed.

5. 'Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.' From the Mass, being invocations meaning, 'Lord, have mercy; Christ have mercy.' The words are Greek.

8. 'Choirs of the righteous.' The Saints.

12. The Evangelists are the four writers of the Gospels: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Christ had twelve *Apostles*, and seventy-two *Disciples*.

22. 'Storm of that bewilderment' refers to the anguish Geron-tius has experienced at the thought of death. The prayer has given him courage.

PAGE 119, LINE 3. This passage would seem to show the influence of Southey, a poet whom Newman admired and whose "Curse of Kehama" he knew well. Southey wrote:

" From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood:
From sickness I charm thee;
But earth which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee."

23. The invocations are taken in part from the service of Good Friday. Translated, the passage reads:

O Thou who art Holy and Strong, O Holy God,
Out of the depths I pray Thee,
Have mercy on me, my Judge,
Spare me, O Lord.

PAGE 120, LINES 1-35. This passage is at once a poetic paraphrase of the Creed, and an Act of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Observe how the lines end in short syllables, and so get a rapid movement.

32. 'In the hour of death.'

PAGE 121, LINE 3. 'Negation' means making negative or absent what has been positive or present.

14. The demon. Compare Gustave Doré's pictures of Satan.

21. In the garden of Gethsemane, an angel came to comfort the Saviour.

26. Enoch and Elias were two just men of the Old Testament. They were spared from death and taken up bodily into Heaven.

27. Noe was saved from perishing in the Deluge by building an ark, into which he took his family and two of 'every living creature of all flesh.'

28. Abraham, after having wandered into Egypt and repulsed an onslaught by four evil kings, took up his abode in peace and was appointed by God to become the father of the chosen people, Israel.

30. Job was delivered over to the power of Satan, and suffered a great number of misfortunes which are related in the Book of Job.

PAGE 122, LINE 1. Abraham, having been ordered by God, as a test of his obedience, to slay his son Isaac, was stopped, through the intervention of an angel, as he was on the point of carrying out the Divine injunction, the Almighty being satisfied of His servant's readiness to obey His will in all things.

2. When the sinful city of Sodom perished in a rain of brimstone and fire, Lot, having been warned by visiting angels, escaped with his family.

3. Moses led the people of Israel out of Egypt, where they had been held in bondage.

4. Daniel the prophet was cast into a den of lions, but was miraculously left untouched by them.

5. The three young men were cast into a fiery furnace because they would not worship the golden statue set up by Nabuchodonosor, the Babylonian king. But they were protected from the flames by a miracle and came forth uninjured, to the great astonishment of their persecutors.

6. Susanna, falsely accused of adultery, was cleared of the slander. See the Book of Daniel.

7. King David won over Golia and escaped the plots which the jealousy of Saul laid against him.

8. Saint Thecla was a martyr of the second century. Her torments were: first, flames which a miraculous rain extinguished; second, wild beasts which were driven off by a lioness; and third, monsters killed by a lightning flash.

11. 'The final hour has come.' The prayer which follows in the ritual, and which Gerontius here repeats in part, reads: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

13. 'Go forth, O Christian soul, out of this world.' These are the first words of the petition recited by the priest when the last hour has come. Newman has paraphrased the remainder of the petition, which mentions the nine choirs of angels.

PAGE 123, LINE 8. The soul of Gerontius is now separated from the body.

19. *Subvenite*: 'Come to his assistance.' This is the first word of a prayer which means, 'Come to his assistance, ye Saints of God. Rush to his aid, ye Angels of the Lord.'

23. 'Severance' means separation. He feels absolutely alone.

28-29. Now Gerontius finds that instead of his thinking about other things, his thoughts seem independent and come flying back upon him, by a strange turning-round of the functions of his mind. This makes his loneliness vivid and real.

PAGE 124, LINES 5-10. He still feels that all his being belongs together — that the oneness of his nature has not been torn apart. 'Symmetry' here means form.

23. Gerontius wonders if he is leaving the earth with rapidly quickening speed, so that with each instant he traverses a longer distance than before, or if he is crossing infinity, going from what has dimension to what is boundless or infinite, by some endless series of leaps. This passage is a vivid expression of the feeling which one imagines a departed soul must be experiencing when the new order of things suddenly stares it in the face.

PAGE 125, LINE 3. This line introduces the Guardian Angel, whom Gerontius has revered in accordance with Catholic teaching as his invisible guide through life, but whose acquaintance, now made, is marvelous to him.

4-13. Observe how Gerontius gradually discovers that he is without the use of his senses. First, there is touch and then sound — both of which he still seems to be using, but in a way utterly foreign to his earthly body.

20. Alleluia: 'Rejoice.' It is a Hebrew word. This song is pitched rhythmically to express joy. Observe the short lines.

PAGE **126**, LINE **13**. 'Born' means here 'dared,' 'was able to.'

15. The angel's love has been intense and completely satisfying.

17. 'Depth and height' refer here to Heaven and Hell.

22. Christian teaching is to the effect that the thrones which were left vacant by Lucifer and his fallen angels are to be given to the Saints.

23. 'He' refers to Gerontius. At first he bore upon his soul the stain of the Original Sin committed by his first parents in Paradise; and therefore he was in the clutches of the demon.

PAGE **127**, LINE **1**. Compare the Book of Tobias, Chapter XII.

6. Repurchased by the Redeemer, on the Cross.

7. The lines which follow constitute one of the most admirable summaries of human life to be found anywhere in English literature.

13. Compare Shakespeare, in "Hamlet," Act II, Scene 2.

19. Ethereal, or immaterial, natures belong to the angels.

25-27. Gerontius hears now with a perfect rightness of taste and judgment, which cannot be led into error.

PAGE **128**, LINES **9-13**. Compare the *Magnificat*: St. Luke, Chapter I, Verses 46-55.

20. 'Conscious communion': An interchange, or communion, of thought.

PAGE **129**, LINE **8**. 'Let': hinder, prevent. Compare, "Hamlet," Act I, Scene 5. "Unhand me, gentlemen. By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me!"

18 ff. This passage is a wonderful expression of the difference which the mind feels must exist between time and eternity. On earth we tell time by the 'primeval ordinances' or regulations established since the beginning of the world, such as the courses

of the sun, the moon, and the stars, or the 'suspended rod' of a clock. The pure spirits, however, measure time only by the intensity of their thoughts: change, in so far as duration is concerned, is measured for them only by the growing strength or weakness of their thinking. Every spirit thus becomes his own time-keeper, or 'standard of his own chronology.'

PAGE 130, LINE 20. Gerontius is in the balance, or at the turning-point, of his life. Previous to this time he has been a creature of earth; after this he will be a resident in eternity. He is astonished at not being afraid.

PAGE 131, LINES 4-5. As the Last Judgment, which will mark the end of all earthly human life, is mirrored for each person in the particular judgment which follows immediately after death, so, as the soul nears God, a presage or prophecy of its fate anticipates the Judge's decree, and Heaven opens.

20. See the Book of Job, Chapter II.

23. 'Hist': listen.

PAGE 132, LINE 1. This passage is admirably marked by dissonance, both of language and metre. Compare the demon-songs in Goethe's *Faust*. Notice also that the taunts of the evil spirits, as Newman writes them out in this place, are peculiarly modern. The faithful soul is accused of having been a 'psalm droner,' a cheat, and a cringing slave; a Saint is one who has sought to earn Heaven by starving himself into a hideous heap of skin and bones, and thus atoning for secret spite, envy, and cruelty.

PAGE 134, LINE 23. The traitor referred to here is the flesh. St. John enumerates man's three great foes as the world, the flesh, and the devil.

PAGE 135, LINE 5. Compare the lives of St. Jerome and St. Anthony of the Desert, both of whom were taunted by demons, but who, though still mortal, gained a victory.

PAGE 136, LINE 2. 'Personal intonation' means the sound of God's voice, with the accent peculiar to it.

8. Sight is the princely sense because it alone makes definite the objects which our other senses reveal to us in part.

10-30. The angel explains that Gerontius does not really hear or feel as he did in the flesh, but that he is permitted to think that he does by reason of a special mercy. In reality he has entered the world of dreams which are true but designed to represent truth rather than express it directly. Compare St. Augustine's "Confessions," Chapters XXXVII and XXXVIII.

PAGE 137, LINE 3. Long habit leaves with Gerontius an impression that he is still living in the accustomed order of things. But the angel explains that he has no bodily extension.

14. Newman does not permit himself to try to explain the mystery of how the Saints in Heaven see God. Their vision of Him is called Beatific, or blessed.

23. 'Nathless': nevertheless.

PAGE 138, LINE 1. 'Arraigned': summoned.

14. The reference is to St. Francis of Assisi, who received the stigmata, or Five Wounds, in his hands, feet, and side. Divine love is too strong for earthly man to bear.

20-21. Compare Francis Thompson:

"Ah! must —

Designer infinite!

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?"

25. The Choirs of the Angelicals, in a series of hymns which have scarce any rival in modern poetry for sweetness and force of religious feeling, combine praise of God with the story of Man.

PAGE 139, LINE 15. 'Viceroy': His kingly representative — kingly because His own child and likeness. The 'foe' is Satan.

20 ff. Compare Dante, *Paradiso*, Canto V, where there is a majestic vision of Heaven.

26. Notice that the edifice of Heaven, as described here, has the architectural proportions of a palace rather than of a temple.

PAGE 140, LINE 4. The Angelicals continue the story of Man until the Redemption is reached.

8. The angels address Gerontius first, and then continue the story of Man, using the pronoun 'he.'

9. 'Recreant': a coward and traitor.

10 ff. These lines narrate, in brief space, the history of mankind, its efforts to recover what it had lost, and its relations with Divine Providence. God's control of the destiny of the human race was a subject upon which Newman loved to speculate.

18. 'Clomb' is an old form of the past tense of *climb*.

24. 'Dreed' is from 'dreogan' — to suffer. The old words help to give the atmosphere of very ancient times, which the Songs treat of.

PAGE 141, LINE 3. The Old Testament narrates how the chosen people were saved by the constant visitations of angels.

11. 'Elaborated': built up.

PAGE 142, LINE 13. 'Albeit': although.

27. The body is the 'case' of the soul.

PAGE 143, LINE 6. 'Febrifuge': from *febrim-fugare*, to put fever to flight.

11-12. The Angel is Gerontius' guide, as Beatrice was Dante's. He thinks he understands, but begs the angel to explain.

PAGE 144, LINE 5. 'Veriest': most actual. His truest purgatory, or atonement for lesser sins, will be the realization of his unworthiness.

PAGE 145, LINE 5. 'Lintels': the beams of the frame-work.

PAGE 147, LINES 1-8. The idea is: How generous is God's love, which punished in man the evil tendency and act which was his foe, and then came to his rescue by undergoing the twofold agony of suffering and death, to which the human race is doomed.

20 ff. These beautiful lines are virtually a litany of the sacred passion of Christ. They enumerate the mental sufferings which He underwent from Gethsemane to Calvary. One of Newman's best sermons is on "The Mental Sufferings of Our Lord," and may be consulted in this connection.

PAGE 148, LINE 15. 'Emmanuel': the Promised One, the Redeemer. See the Gospel according to St. Matthew, I, 23.

17. 'Effluence': that which streams out from something, as for instance the light from a lamp.

PAGE 149, LINE 22. Newman paraphrases the following passage from the Psalms, adding as is customary in the Catholic office for the day, the lesser Doxology, or hymn of praise. The particular Psalm most in evidence is LXXXIX.

PAGE 150, LINE 14. 'We shall be glad': In proportion to our one-time humiliation upon the sinful earth shall be our present rejoicing in Heaven. The last speech of the Angel is a beautiful interpretation of the doctrine of Purgatory. Since the soul is as yet stained with the imperfections of earth, it is lowered into the penal waters, where, nursed by loving angels and comforted by remembering prayers on earth, it waits for the awakening of the happy 'morrow.'

